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# THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE MAGAZINE.

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# THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK,

AND

# THE THISTLE.

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MARCH 1865.

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BITTER SWEETS:

A LOVE STORY.

BY JOSEPH HATTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JACOB MORRISTON," ETC.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### CHRISTMAS.

THE Christmas bells were ringing when the Greys met at breakfast the next morning. The merry Christmas bells were ringing. How happy, how joyful would the sound of the clanging music have been to George Grey, had it not been for the thought of that miserable son in irons on the sea.

A fresh pure snow was upon the house-tops, and little icicles hung from the eaves. In the streets boys pelted each other until they were hot and red; and the bells seemed to urge them on. From every steeple the noisy concerts pealed. The music influenced everybody. Those who were happy, became happier still; and even those who were not happy, felt a certain buoyancy of spirit which made them walk quicker, and with a more elastic tread than usual.

George Grey chipped his egg and chatted to his wife; and Frank chipped his egg and thought of that pretty little girl at Summerdale.

"The bells didn't ring when we were married, Sarah," said George; "but it was a snowy morning like this."

"That is just what I was thinking myself," Mrs. Grey replied, pouring into Frank's cup a stream of milk, the aroma of which filled



the room, and added to the cosy feeling induced by the crackling wood fire, the soft hearth-rug, and the bubbling urn upon the table.

"I wonder if we have thought of it at the same time together before? I dare say we have. What a happy morning it was, Sarah!"

"Not happier than this morning, George, but for one thing."

"No; perhaps not so happy, if it were possible that any other morning could be more joyful than that snowy one at Helswick when we were young. Has Frank done any sweethearting?"

"I think not," said Mrs. Grey, smiling. "Do you hear the question your father asks, Frank?"

"No," said Frank, leaving the green meadows of Summerdale, where he had been walking in imagination with Kate Massey.

The question was repeated, and Frank gave it a direct negative.

"Haven't you your eye on *any* one?" said Mr. Grey, looking good-humouredly towards Frank.

"No," said that deceitful son. For he was deceitful, you know. He had his eye on a pretty fair-haired girl; but then *she* was so very much younger than he—at least she seemed so, however, to Frank—and he dared not confess that he was in love with her. His feeling for Miss Massey was not like love, either, Frank tried to persuade himself; but was not that a crafty way of satisfying his conscience for telling a fib?

"I can't be in love with the girl," he said to himself afterwards. "I only feel as though I should like to protect and watch over her; that I should like to be near her always, and gather flowers for her, and, by Jove! I wish I were a few years younger. I don't know what my feelings might be then. But what would it matter? I could never aspire to the hand of Mr. Massey's daughter. As a partner in the firm of Welford & Co., I might perhaps. But *that* dream is over."

Frank was thinking to himself in this wise, whilst his father and mother were dressing for church, and having arrived at the conclusion that, even if he were not a little too old to aspire to the love of Kate Massey, it would be absurd to expect that she could ever have him, he dismissed the subject.

The Christmas bells were ringing, we have said—ringing merrily, joyfully, noisily, sweetly, musically. The returned exile, the wife and the son, went to church, and heard the divine story of the birth of our Saviour. And never went up to the mercy-seat more fervent prayers than those which ascended from the pew in which the Greys worshipped. It was a new awakening to life for George Grey. The pealing organ thrilled through his soul. Somehow the Hallelujah Chorus carried him back, for a moment, to the mighty anthems which he had heard the wind singing in the great forests. And his heart leaped within him when he contrasted the solitary gold miner, away in Australian wilds, with the husband newly restored to his wife, and kneeling by her side on this Christmas morning in old England.

The gorgeous reflections of the painted windows fell upon the church,

colouring the holly which was hung upon every pillar. The children in the choir threw their little souls into the jubilant Hallelujahs until the old place echoed with their music, long after the last glorious strains of the ever glorious anthem were concluded. But Richard Grey was out upon the sea in iron chains; and Mrs. Grey thought of her son, and prayed that the good angels that were about on this good day would have pity on him.

The preacher told the story of Christ in the manger, and of the star that went before the wise men; and then he told of His divine mission, of His crucifixion, of His resurrection, and of His power to save. It was a strange sermon, full of bits of world-wise philosophy and moralism. Our Saviour's love of children was a point upon which the preacher dwelt at great length; he contrasted their innocence with the sin and wickedness of maturity; he urged his congregation to love them, and to secure their love. He said they were a type of the purer life to come; and that there was a moral instinct of what was good in these little ones; he took it as a great good thing to possess the love of a child. And then he talked of women, and showed how the Saviour had been merciful towards them; how he had forgiven the one who had sinned the sin so seldom forgiven in this world; and he asked all his congregation to be kind to one another, and not to let the softening influences of this holy day pass away with it: it was only a short time that they were spared to each other, and there was never a death without a living one left behind to regret some unkind or hasty word. Let them continually have in mind the suffering and forbearance, the love, the meekness of the Saviour; and strive to be worthy of the grace which the heavenly martyr had won for all.

"The sin so seldom forgiven in this world!" Had she, the May-queen of years and years ago, heard the Christmas bells? What memories had they brought to her mind? Had she ventured to pray on this holy morning? Had the bells brought back to her the memory of Helswick rectory, and the Christmas parties at which she had been present—one of these pure innocent beings of which the preacher had preached? Was she listening to the merry laugh of children in their holiday clothes, passing beneath her window in some London street or alley? Had any good angel dropped a tear of pity over her sad lot? Did she languish in illness on this holy morning; languish with the bell-music in her ear, and the thorn in her heart? Or had she ended her unhappy life in the great London river? Had an unknown body been picked up at ebb-tide, and been laid in a pauper grave, without a name? and was the forlorn one Bessie Martin? Was that story of a woman leaping from Waterloo Bridge, when the stars were shining on the sullen tide, the story of Bessie Martin? The newspapers record many such incidents. The good angels had surely kept Bessie from such an end as this. The woman in Hood's heart-piercing ballad had been a child once, happy and innocent. They have all been dandled on parental

knees, those poor fallen creatures you see in the gaslight ; some of them perhaps have been May-queens ; had they died in infancy they would have been angels now, joining in heavenly chants on this holy day in the sunny courts above.

Frank thought in this wise as he knelt after the sermon ; and there was one prayer at least that went up to heaven on that Christmas morning for Bessie Martin.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

### A SUMMERDALE PARTY.

"No, Paul, I cannot think of putting it off ; we have kept it up ever since we have been at Summerdale, and I believe it will be good for you," said Mrs. Massey, the morning after Christmas day, just as breakfast was over.

"I am not well enough to join in such an affair," said Paul, languidly.

"It will be good for you to do so ; I was only asking Dr. Fitz a day or two ago, and he said that you ought to be roused, Paul ; that a jovial party and a pleasant dance, and a few genial friends, would be better than a dozen of his professional visits."

"I certainly have enjoyed our Twelfth night's party," said Paul.

"And you shall again, dear Paul, and many another, I hope."

Paul did not reply.

"I have invited the old women to tea for this evening ; and the men have had their beef and tobacco, and the children their Christmas toys and fruit, and all the flannel is gone ; and the townspeople had their dance in the school-room on Christmas eve, and shall not we have our Twelfth night ?"

"If you will not expect me to dance with all the women, and be merry with all the men," said Paul, turning over the leaves of a favourite edition of *Rasselas*.

"You must cheer up, Paul ; Dr. Fitz says so, and I say so. And, let me see, we will invite poor Grey and his wife."

"You should say rich Grey," Paul said, "for George told me he had made a great many thousands, and was the owner of half a street in Melbourne."

"Well, then, we'll invite the rich Greys, and be witnesses of their happy restoration to each other ; and we'll have Frank."

"Oh ! I should like that, mamma," said Kate Massey, who stood beside her mother. "I think Frank a most agreeable young man."

"Do you, miss ?" said Anna, smiling at Paul.

"Yes ; he is so gentlemanly, and has such fine eyes."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Massey, laughing again.

Paul smiled at his wife ; but it was a sad, languid, half-and-half sort of smile.

"Come, Paul, Paul, do cheer up ; you are becoming quite misanthropic. Now promise me to rouse yourself, and to be merry at least on Twelfth night. I shall begin to think you are tired of me, and that you find the society of Kate and myself wearying."

Anna playfully patted Paul's cheeks as she rallied him thus ; and he made an effort to enter into her spirit and energy.

"Now Pa, do be a good darling, merry Pa," said Kate, whipping him with the strings of her hat, which she was just putting on.

"I will try, my pet," said Paul, catching Kate round the waist, and kissing her under the mistletoe that hung up in the great dining-room.

"That's right, Paul dear ; you will soon be well again if you will only be determined ; and you must travel more, love. Our quiet mode of life here—"

"Suits me better than anything," said Paul. "If I am not happy here, and with you and Kate, I never could be happy."

"That's a darling, Pa ; we'll have such a dance, won't we ? Let us rehearse a waltz now," said Kate, pulling her father by both hands.

"Not now, dear," said Paul ; "but you and I shall lead off on Twelfth night."

"And you'll promise to be very happy and merry, and all that?"

"Yes, I will."

"Then come, Kate, and we will send out the invitations at once," said Mrs. Massey.

"I am going to see poor, old Dame Twerton, Ma, for a minute or two, if you will excuse me ; she is very poorly."

"Then come to me on your return," said her mother.

Kate threw her arms round her father's neck, and then tripped away over the hard frozen snow, looking like some bright, happy creature out of a fairy tale.

The invitations were duly despatched, and when the night came the announcements, in the great room up the first flight of the broad oak stairs, included the Rev. James Morris (the rector of Summerdale), Mrs. Morris, and the Misses Morris ; the Rev. Joseph Walsingham (curate of Summerdale) ; Dr. Fitz, Mrs. Fitz, and Mr. Fitz, junior ; Mr. Simon Slack (the only lawyer in Summerdale—happy Summerdale !), Mrs. Slack, Miss Slack, and Miss Mary Jane Slack ; Mr. Henry Bennet (of the Elms, near Summerdale), and Miss Bennet ; and many others of local note, in addition to Mr. and Mrs. George Grey, and Mr. Frank Grey, of Tristram Lodge, Purdown, Maryport.

It was a thorough old-fashioned country party. The Summerdale people were too lazy to be stiff and formal ; and they knew each other so well that it was not deemed necessary that the meeting should commence with icy coldness, only to be brought to a mild state of thaw at parting. The only strangers were Mrs. Grey and Frank, and they were

at home in five minutes ; for, being strangers, the Summerdale people (however curious they might be to know all about them) thought it becoming to go up to them and shake hands, and welcome them to Summerdale.

Paul Massey was determined to seem merry, and he carried out his resolve so fully that Mrs. Massey was in a whirl of pleasure all the night ; and everybody laughed and talked and danced so heartily that every now and then Paul caught the infection, and was really happy himself.

Frank Grey soon became a great favourite. In the games of forfeit which preceded the ball, he played his part with such ingenuity and cleverness, that Mrs. Massey whispered to Paul, "Young Grey is really the life and soul of the fun."

Kate Massey was enchanted with Frank, and told him so, right out ; but then you see she was only fourteen, though she looked several years older, and it was quite proper for her to tell any young man that she was delighted with him ; society would be shocked at a young lady being so candid at sixteen or seventeen, though we question whether the Summerdale people would have thought there was anything wrong in it : for they were a very candid race. When a girl loved a young man in Summerdale, and the young man loved her, it was not the custom for the lady to deny her love, and torture her lover by flirting with some one else. They were truly an old-fashioned lot, these Summerdale folks.

Mrs. Grey was very quiet—she would have been very happy indeed if Richard had been there. Mr. George Grey took the old people into corners and told them all sorts of queer stories about Australia : but he did not inform them how it was he had lived so long at Summerdale without telling them that he had a wife and son ; he did not tell them how it was that he had changed his name. One old matron, who was more particular than some of her neighbours, shook her head, and asked the jolly old rector if he did not think there was something very strange about this. His reply was delivered in a loud voice, and was heard by everybody at his end of the room.

"Mr. Massey told me the whole affair a day or two ago—our friend, Mr. Grey (formerly Evans), has suffered a great trouble ; but he is now happy once more with his family, and we may all rejoice that we have them with us to-night. It was deemed necessary that he should change his name, and whether as Mr. Evans or Mr. Grey, we only know him as a kind honourable Christian gentleman."

This was quite enough—too much for the old matron in particular ; but she vowed she had the greatest respect for Mr. Evans, or Mr. Grey, and no doubt she had.

At twelve o'clock—these old-fashioned Summerdale people never kept late hours—at twelve o'clock the shawls and cloaks and rugs were taken down from their pegs, and the guests went home, some in their carriages, some trudging over the soft white snow, and making long, muffled-up, odd shadows on the roadway.



When they were all gone, Frank went to his room, and could think of nothing but Kate Massey's beautiful eyes; of Kate Massey's silky hair; of Kate Massey's musical voice. Frank thought she was the prettiest, merriest, nicest creature he had ever seen. The stage lady, who played Ophelia in those years long ago, had fine eyes, to be sure, and white teeth, and a lovely arm; but Kate Massey was infinitely more beautiful than Ophelia.

He sat before the fire (they had fires in all the bed-rooms at Oak House during the winter), and thought of Kate for an hour or more; and then he walked to the window, and saw the moon sleeping upon the snow in the garden; the thatched, round-looking roofs of Summerdale were just discernible, and the place looked so calm and so peaceful in its snow covering; it was like a snow paradise for snow fairies. At least Frank thought so. In after years that scene often rose up before him, connecting itself by association with one of the happiest times of his chequered life.

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## CHAPTER XXX.

### YOUNG LOVE AND OLD LOVE.

WE have drawn the scenes up and down so often in our story, since we first called upon the prompter to blow his whistle for the drop-curtain to fall on certain of our early incidents at Denby Rise, that we have long since ceased to make any special references to the halting-places in this drama. Our readers will have paused for themselves at the proper times and have made their comments between the acts. We stay for a moment here to tell them that the play is drawing to a close; but that there are still some important acts to come; more sweets and bitters. By the kind permission and advice of Samuel Welford, Esquire, Frank Grey had taken leave of absence from the famous business house.

"It will blow over, this affair of your brother's," the old man had said; "you must not leave us; if we consent to your remaining, I do not see why you should persist that you cannot, because your name is disgraced. We shall postpone the question of partnership, it is true; but we must have your services, Frank; you may take leave of absence until the nine days' wonder is at an end, and then come back. Meanwhile, you know, we can still send to you on any matters of business in your department. Suppose we say you shall have a holiday until the end of the year."

Frank had accepted the kind old gentleman's advice and instructions; but soon after his father had returned he had talked the whole matter over with him; and the father seemed inclined to advise that they should all move to some other place, and that Frank should start a business of his own.

"I can give you money, Frank," said the father; "thank God, He has enabled me to be of some use to your mother and you after all. The best thing, Frank, I think, would be for you to be ruled by Mr. Welford—it would be ungrateful to do otherwise—you can tell him, you know, what your father can do for you; and whatever Mr. Welford says I think you should do."

"Perhaps you are right," Frank had said.

"And perhaps Mr. Welford can help your father to get poor Richard's release."

So matters stood with regard to Frank's position at Welford & Co.'s, when Mrs. Grey and his father and himself were prevailed upon to visit Summerdale, as described in the previous chapter. When they returned, Frank came home with a new crotchet in his head, and a new dream in his heart. His ambition returned heavy and thick upon him. He would live down any disgrace which might seem to have attached to him through his brother. He would push his way again to the partnership that had been within his grasp. He was not to blame for his brother's sins. Everybody in Maryport knew that he was honourable and upright. Why should people cast any slur upon him? Why should they associate him with his brother's guilt? Frank might have spared himself these questions. Nobody had slighted him. Nobody had associated him with his brother's disgrace. All the slurs and slights and distrusts were bred in his own imagination, and existed nowhere else. Maryport had too much to think of, to lay up lasting memories about a gang of thieves, who had been caught and punished. Maryport had too many ships on the sea, too many banking accounts, too many shops and warehouses; and if it comes to that, too many thieves to pay any very special attention to special cases of crime. There were thousands of people in Maryport who did not know Frank Grey himself; and hundreds who knew him, had never heard that he had a brother; and yet Frank had fancied that every eye was upon him when he went out, and that every tongue said, "That's the burglar's brother—that's the brother of the fellow who robbed his own mother's house," etc. etc.

Frank ought to have known better; but there are many cleverer persons than he who think they are being talked about when they are not even thought of. However, Frank returned from Summerdale, determined to live all this down, and he went to Mr. Welford and told him so.

The famous old merchant received him, in his gouty chair, and expressed great pleasure at Frank's sensible resolve. He knew the world, did Samuel Welford; and he knew that in a big city like Maryport, a clever enterprising honest man would not be cut because he had a low wicked thief of a brother.

So Frank returned to his desk in the old room where poor Harry Thornhill had sat in years gone by; and he laid his head upon the blotting-pad, and cried tears of joy and sadness. The people who had

missed him for several weeks shook him cordially by the hand; and never, by word or look, was he reminded of his brother's crime.

It was none the less valiant in Frank to resolve on encountering a monster, because that monster only existed in his own imagination. He is a brave man who can face his own little world, determined to bear the worst that may be said of him. Even your own friends are apt to associate you with the ill conduct of your brothers and sisters. You may have a brother who is a notorious scoundrel; you may have a sister who has disgraced herself: "Ah, it runs in the blood," says your little world. If you are successful in life, the little world, to which you belong, nods and winks, and hums and haws behind your back upon all occasions. Beware, if you have had a relation who has done something wrong! Even if your great-uncle was turned out of school for insubordination, beware? Your little world will be sure to talk about it; and, in all probability, they will magnify your great-uncle's offence into murdering the schoolmaster. Beware of success!

Whilst Frank Grey was girding up his loins afresh, to do battle with the world, his father was devoting himself to the concoction of a variety of schemes for obtaining a remission of Richard's sentence. He wrote to his agent in Australia, and to other influential friends there, on Richard's behalf, and spent many an hour in arranging with his wife what they should do for Richard when he was set free.

The devoted mother wrote a long letter to be sent out to her boy, telling him all that had occurred since he left, and begging him to strive and be better. If he would only pray and be penitent, and seek forgiveness of God, it was not too late for happiness to come again, she said. If it was any comfort to him to know it, she had forgiven him with all her heart; his father had forgiven him; and so had Frank.

"We often talk of you, my poor boy," she went on, "and know how you were led away; we know how your good intentions were perverted when you were a boy. Bad company has been the downfall of the best young men, my dear boy; but you must not despond. Try to bear your punishment—oh, how my heart bleeds when I think of it—try to bear your punishment in a contrite spirit. Perhaps I may see you, my poor dear child, again. Do try to be good; do try to seek heaven's forgiveness: if you can do this, you will find your trials light, chains and fetters of iron are nothing to the chains and fetters of guilt and a sinful heart. My poor boy, God will forgive you, as I do, if you ask him." Thus the poor woman poured out her unchanged affection for her worthless son.

Oh, Richard Grey, Richard Grey, thou hast much, very much to answer for! But Mrs. Grey had some happy hours now, notwithstanding the bitters which Richard had thrown into her cup. It was sweet to lean upon her husband's strong arm, and to feel that there was no shadow upon her fair fame now; it was sweet to walk down the autumn valley of life with the man she had loved through so many changing

years ; it was sweet to hear him talk of the old days, and to feel that he was almost her lover again in this latter time ; it was sweet to kneel beside him at night, and to thank God for His answer to her prayers in the days that were gone.

When the summer came they went to Helswick, and dreamed they were young again. They walked on the beach and through the meadows. They sat on the rocks near Denby Rise, and heard the silver bells wandering over the water and through the meadows, as the people at the house in the valley had heard them on the Sundays years and years ago. And whilst the tide ebbed and flowed, and toyed with the shells and the seaweed, Mrs. Grey told George of Squire Mountford, of Anna Lee, of Harry Thornhill, of the shipwreck, and the strange wedding.

In return for her long stories of the past, George told her of his early struggles in the colonies ; passing over the cause of his wanderings, and leading his wife back to their young days. He pointed out the spot where he had first seen her, and he showed her where he had cut her name in the rock, when he was a carpenter working at Denby Rise.

The Helswick people, and the visitors who met them on the beach, never thought what a dramatic story there was in the life of that simple honest pair, who seemed like an old newly-married couple, talking so earnestly and looking so lovingly upon each other by the sea.

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

### AN INCIDENT OF LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

It is extraordinary what the human constitution will stand. Men who have been dying for years, and who ought to have been killed, time out of mind, by their dissolute and drunken conduct, have lived out apparently hale men, who have been watching their gradual decay.

Winford Barnes was one of these miserable, asthmatical, wheezing, bronchitical mortals, who only enjoy about an hour's life in the twenty-four hours, and then not until they have swallowed as much brandy as would make most men helplessly intoxicated, or raving mad. This man had not only lived to spend the money which Mr. Massey gave him, personally ; but he had lived to cash the post-dated cheque. Moreover, he had lived a whole year in Paris, where he had had such a run of luck, at a celebrated gaming house, that he had deemed it desirable to quit the Parisian capital "all of a sudden."

Giving up his establishment at Hightown, a magnificent festival was got up, in his honour, at Keems's Harmonic Bowers, prior to his taking up his residence in London. The chief tenor had made a song about this chief of the swell scoundrels who frequented the Bowers ; and Winford had been attended to his box by a bevy of painted ladies. Maryport, as he had remarked in a speech upon this occasion, had long

been "too slow for him," so he moved to Regent Street, where he had grand apartments over a magnificent shop, in which was daily exhibited a dazzling array of India shawls; a shop which was patronized by Royalty, and which put up blazing stars over its doorway, on the birthdays of Royal personages, together with the initials of the new civic dignitary every Lord Mayor's day.

But Winford's course was nearly run. He had not experienced a lack of money since his return from Paris, or Paul Massey would have heard of him despite their compact. Night after night he frequented the dens and fashionable stews of the metropolis, and soon became nearly as notorious at the Holborn and the Argyle, as he was at Keems's Harmonic Bowers. One night, soon after the events recorded in the previous chapter, he came to an ignominious and wretched end.

It was Lord Mayor's day. The famous procession had crushed its way through the city thoroughfares, and had returned from Westminster, in a wonderful November sunshine. The fog of the previous day had disappeared, as if in compliment to the new Mayor, and out of respect to the metallic armour of his knights. The cabs had been re-admitted to Fleet Street, and the Strand, and Cheapside, and the Poultry; and Her Majesty's ministers had said their ministerial nothings over the Lord Mayor's wine.

Night came quickly, and in an illuminated mist, as it comes in London under the influence of gas lamps and radiant shop-windows. How like a fairy city, London by night! And on this night in particular. For the Londoners not only celebrated Lord Mayor's day with unusual unanimity, because his Lordship was an unusually popular man; but for some other special reason into which we need not stop to inquire. From the top of Ludgate Hill, down through Fleet Street, along the Strand, up the Haymarket, and through Regent Street, to the Circus, and far away, and up and down every street, to right and left, were stars, and crowns, and Prince of Wales' feathers, and initial letters, in jets of gas, and variegated lamps. The streets were ablaze of gas until the sky looked, in the distance, as it does above Merthyr Tidvil in Wales, or above the Cleveland Valley in the North of England, or above the blazing furnaces in Derbyshire.

London bid defiance to the November fog that night, though one of those thick rolling battalions of vapour, which come up from the river and the Erith marches, would have put out nearly all that wonderful luminosity which made the night golden. As the hours sped on, the city put up its shutters, and the last 'busses began to run along Fleet Street and the Strand. But the more solitary became the Strand and Trafalgar Square, the livelier and the brighter grew an adjacent locality. The Haymarket lamps from the Haymarket *cafés* sent floods of light across the pavement, and the festal stars and crowns in gas and oil, showed every detail of the full cab-stand that stretched away down the centre of the road.



It was a melancholy sight so brilliantly lighted up—as if all the gas in London had been set aburning to show the world the ugliest blot upon England's fair reputation. Etty's picture of the syrens on a sunny sea coast, with skulls and skeletons lying at their feet, would have been a suitable transparency for that dazzling establishment with the folding doors, which were for ever opening and shutting, and showing a motley throng of men and women in a flashy saloon.

When the Haymarket was busiest and brightest, when the big blot on English society was seen in its covering of lacquer and gilt, a woman came quietly out of one of the byeways, and passed through the crowd towards Regent Street. She turned a pale face up to the illuminations, and a few heavy curls of black hair fell upon her shoulders. She had a sunken, black, brilliant eye and a well-shaped mouth; her figure was slight and graceful. There was something in her manner which would have set you thinking of the time when those who passed you in that hideously-brilliant light were innocent and happy, and might have made you picture distant homes from which the pride and hope of the domestic circle had disappeared. And then you might have thought that, after all, the "midnight meetings," commenced some years ago by a number of religious men and women, were really worthy of support.

Bessie Martin—poor misguided, half-crazy Bessie—passed on her way, with the vacant look in her eyes which had alarmed the landlady of the Maryport Arms. Oh, that some good Samaritan, some seeker-out of the sinful and unhappy in London hives, had laid a kind hand on Bessie Martin's shoulder years ago! She passed on, poor fallen soul! She had been a May-queen once, as innocent as the flowers that decked her brow! Arriving at the shop where the India shawls were hidden by the dark iron shutters, above which a Brunswick star flared and spluttered, Bessie stopped suddenly, and uttered a short scream. At her feet lay a man who had fallen, with a heavy thud, before her. Several other persons were attracted to the spot, including a policeman, who before looking at the form on the pavement, said to Bessie, "You must not go away."

The man was dressed in a light dressing-gown, and must have fallen from the open window of the first story. The quick eye of the policeman detected this in an instant, and he speedily alarmed the India shawl house. A doctor was sent for, and two policemen followed by Bessie, carried the man up-stairs. Need we say that the bleeding wretch was Winford Barnes. He had leaped out of the window in a fit of *delirium tremens*. His appearance, and the evidence of his valet, soon satisfied the doctor and the police that such was the case, and they took Bessie's address, and told her she might be wanted again.

The man was not dead, and Bessie, who had been much frightened, lingered in the room. Laid upon his bed, Winford opened his eyes, and looking about the room, fixed his gaze upon Bessie. Then he strove to speak, but could not. Bessie being about to leave the room, the dying



man raised his arm, and beckoned her. One of the officers, noticing this, detained Bessie, and Winford tried to speak again.

Not for an instant did the miserable sufferer take his eyes from Bessie, except when he pointed to a small ebony box that stood upon a toilet stand close by. This was brought to him, and he tapped it with his thin hand, as if he would have it opened. He tried again to speak, but no sound was heard except a guttural noise in the throat. One of the policemen took a small note-book from his pocket, and put a pencil into the hand of the dying man, who immediately essayed to write. After several administrations of brandy, he scrawled in strange characters, "Ask her name?"

Bessie was asked her name accordingly; she had never changed her name; so utterly hopeless and friendless and abandoned had the poor woman become, that she was not ashamed to say Bessie Martin. Winford Barnes's face underwent little alteration at this announcement, except that it seemed to give him some satisfaction, and he wrote again with great difficulty, "She is my daughter—look in the box." And then he expired in a fit of great agony.

The star outside continued to splutter and flare, and the people and the cabs went by as if that tragedy had not just been played out above the store of silks from India. The policemen looked in the box, as they were requested, and at the bottom, amongst some old letters, they found a packet inscribed, "The Will of Winford Barnes."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### THE BAD MAN'S WILL.

It was a large piece of paper, and inside it there were notes to the value of £100. On the paper was written:—"If I don't take £100 out of this before I die it will be because I can do without it. If I possess anything else at my decease it will not be in houses and land—if it is I shall make a codicil, and specify the same. I've lived what is called a fast life, and mean to do so to the last—it was my father's custom, and so it shall be mine—and my personality, it is likely, will all be found in the house which has the honour of receiving my last breath.

"Some years ago, no matter how long since, before the wreck of Paul Massey's yacht off Helswick—which was rather a strange coincidence, occurring where it did, and might be set down as a punishment by weak fools—there was a woman I loved. When she died I made her a promise, which I hereby to some extent fulfil. She had a child which she sent to be brought up by an old woman with whom she was acquainted at Helswick. That child was called, after her mother, Bessie Martin; and when I was at Helswick I learnt that she was alive and well

and comfortable. The old woman kept a school there, and if she is living now she will remember that one morning she received five sovereigns in a packet anonymously—I had expectations then of recruiting my waning fortune, and those expectations so far have not been disappointed.

“To this Bessie Martin I hereby bequeath the enclosed £100, and all that I die possessed of, whether in money, shares, notes, jewelry, bills of exchange, furniture, plate, land, messuages, tenements, or anything and everything whatsoever, to this said Bessie Martin, now or late of Helswick, in the county of Denby, for her sole use and benefit; and I hereby appoint James Mentz and William Howard, Esquires, bankers, of Tyneborough, in the county of Northam, my sole executors, to see that this, my last will and testament, is carried out.

“If this is not worded in exact legal phraseology, it sufficiently, and I am advised by a barrister friend of mine, legally explains my intentions, which are that Bessie Martin shall have everything I possess, and that my old friends, the Messrs. Mentz and Howard, the bankers aforesaid, shall find her out, and see that she has everything, after they have paid for putting me in the ground, and all proper testamentary charges; and all I hope is, that the little beggar (I mean Bessie Martin aforesaid) will have more to receive than I expect, and that some thief of a husband may not marry her for the sake of her fortune.”

The will was duly signed, and witnessed; and the police took charge of the dead man's possessions—£2000 in notes, drafts, and gold; a quantity of jewelry, sundry articles of clothing, numerous tobacco pipes, cigar boxes (full and empty), and a quantity of other miscellaneous articles. An inquest was held on the body; the northern bankers came to town; and in due course Bessie Martin entered into possession of the moneys and goods of her dissolute father.

The steady old Tyneborough bankers wiped their hands of the whole affair as speedily as possible, you may be sure. They went back to the north, talking nearly all the way home of the dreadful wickedness of London. And they had counted up all the families they had known in which wickedness and misery seemed hereditary.

There are families of this kind amongst the highest and the lowest. It seems as if the bad seed sown at the beginning must grow, and bear its poisoned fruit to the last. There is a weed in every garden, of which your patient tiller and tender of the soil is always complaining. At the back end of the autumn he made a desperate attack upon it; he dug, and dug until he had fairly turned up the subsoil to the damage of the fruitful loamy earth above. He had got under it this time, he told you; there was no mistake about it; look at the heap in yon corner. Every twig, every root, every sucker; he had dug at them, and chopped at them, and picked them out. On the following day he made a fire of them, and your neighbours complained of the thick suffocating smoke which climbed sluggishly over the wall and crept into their windows. No matter, there was an end of the switch, or twitch, or

bind, or whatever the noxious weed might be. The flowers would have room to strike out their tender roots now that the enemy had gone. Spring comes and summer follows. There are warm rains and sunny days; and with the lilies and the carnations, and the tulips and the daisies, up comes the noxious weed again. "There it is," you say to your man, "there it is again." He knows all about it, and shakes his head, and tells you that the squire's gardener had told him only a week ago that they had been removing a hillock, and had found the tap or root of that same detestable weed stuck down twenty feet into the soil!

"Once there is bad in a family," one of the old northern bankers said to the other, "there is no knowing when it's worked out. They were always a bad lot, the Barnes's; and Winford's left one behind to perpetuate the family failing under another name."

And yet she might have been good, that poor girl who was so kind to her supposed grandmother at Helswick.

"It will do her no good," said the one old Tyneborough banker to the other. "I never knew money do any good to such-like—it mostly makes 'em worse when money comes into bad hands."

Didn't your gardener tell you that the compost and the guano which he had put in at spring-tide had brought the weeds up—had made them, flourish: "it would bring anything out, good or bad," he said. And so will money; give a man or woman money, and you shall soon see whether they be good or bad. Unhappily, it is too late to try the test upon Bessie Martin.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### "FRESH FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW."

MEANWHILE Mrs. Massey thought it desirable that Kate should see a little more of the world. Paul had an uncle at Tyneborough, one William Howard, Esq., with whom he had recently been brought into communication on account of some family trust deeds in which Mr. Howard was interested. Mr. Howard was a banker, the principal in the firm of Mentz & Howard, and he had written so kindly that Anna suggested a short visit to Tyneborough.

"I can only say," the Tyneborough uncle observed in his last letter, "that I shall be happy to see you and Mrs. Massey, and any member of your family at any time. Paul, your father, was a man when I was a boy; being, as I am, the youngest of a large family—all gone now, alas! But he was my wife's favourite brother. It is not my fault, I think, that his son and myself have not met or corresponded for many years; it shall not be my fault, now that business has re-opened our acquaintance, if we do not improve it. I am a widower, and getting old now; I have two sons—one in India, one at home. I need not say that you will be heartily welcomed by myself and son. We sincerely hope you will visit us."

The letter having been discussed in all its bearings ; and the desirability of taking Kate out, coupled with the advice of the doctor that Paul should travel, having been duly urged by Mrs. Massey, it was decided that they should visit Tyneborough. And they did visit Tyneborough accordingly. It was a long journey, but full of wonders to Kate Massey. When they once more came in sight of the sea, her young heart leaped with delight, and she talked about Denby Rise.

The effect upon Paul was very different. He knew that rough North-east coast long before he knew Denby ; he knew that rough North-east coast when he was a boy ; and the contrast between Paul, the merry reckless youth in a boat sailing over the bar, and Paul the man struck him as the train went roaring along by the water. The school was close by, where he and Harry Thornhill first met each other ; and the tall masts crowded in those docks, and on the river bank, pointed out the scenes of his father's successes as a ship-builder and owner. He had not the heart to tell Anna this ; he was utterly miserable ; he wished himself at the bottom of the river.

Mr. Howard's carriage was in waiting for them at the railway station, and Mr. Luke Howard speedily found out the passengers by their luggage. A fine fellow was this junior Howard, with brown curly hair, bushy whiskers, and blue eyes. He was a big, lazy-looking young man of about thirty-three. He rolled about in his gait, like a ship in a ground swell.

"So here you are then," he said. "I saw you claiming your luggage, you know—I'm Mr. Howard's son—how do you do? Very glad indeed to see you. Here, Jack, Jack."

At this call a servant came forward, and removed the luggage ; whilst Mr. Luke Howard gave his arm to Kate Massey, and led the way to the carriage. Mr. Luke Howard laughed and joked in a lazy fashion all the way ; he hoped they would enjoy their visit ; he had made up a little pic-nic for the morrow to Fellrocks, and on the following day they were to go and see the new port which had sprung up in two or three years, as if at the call of an enchanter's wand ; on the next day he had arranged that they should have a sea trip in a friend's yacht ; and then, as the next day was Sunday, they could go to church, have a rest, and prepare for the following week. So this fellow who talked slowly and laughed loudly, and rolled in his gait, and had bushy whiskers, and curly brown hair, and wore his clothes loosely upon his broad limbs, had not been idle in his plans.

Kate was pleased at the prospect, and as was her custom, she didn't disguise her feelings. Mrs. Massey said their nephew was exceedingly kind, and Paul said "Yes," and "No," at intervals, until the carriage stopped before a handsome modern house at the outskirts of the town, where the sound of the harbour bar's moaning could be heard.

It was nearly dark when they reached Pentorth, as Mr. Howard's residence was called, and a sharp breeze was blowing the autumn leaves

about. Mr. Howard, a little active man, with white teeth and a shrivelled face, received his guests with every demonstration of kindness, and introduced to them his great friend, Mr. Zebidee Grainger, and Mr. Grainger's daughter.

Late in the story you may think, to introduce four new characters. So it is. It will probably lay us open to critical raps on the knuckles. "The author has not learnt the *art* of story-telling—there is a want of construction in the plot," etc. All this will be quite true, we dare say. There are many things which the author has not learnt, besides these. But he simply begs to say that these gentlemen and this lady presented themselves to his notice, at this particular period of this history, and that he cannot exclude them from this faithful record. He hopes they will turn out to be personages of consideration and importance.

Mr. Zebidee Grainger, the friend of Paul Massey's uncle, was a gentleman of position in Tyneborough. He had risen by the force of his own ability and exertions. He had for years monopolized the timber trade of the port, and was one of the leading shipowners. A keen-looking gentleman, with his hair closely cropped, and his clothes formally cut, and his linen scrupulously clean, Mr. Grainger was a person who would have attracted your attention wherever you might have met him. A firm, compressed mouth, a quick, searching eye, there was a hardness in the general expression and *contour* of his features that was not quite in keeping with his character for piety. But his strictness in religious matters carried him through all this contradiction in the matter of appearance; and he had made the town a present of one of the largest and handsomest chapels in the place.

They were all religious men in the employ of Mr. Grainger, or at least they attended chapel regularly, and were never absent from prayer-meetings. Captains of vessels and timber barques, too, wiped their mouths and put them into a careful religious shape before they entered the private office of Mr. Grainger; and they came out sadder, if not wiser men. For Mr. Grainger always finished his business with an exhortation that they should fear the Lord.

"This isn't the sort of thing that I like, between ourselves," Mr. William Howard said to Paul Massey and his wife, after the picnic on the day following their arrival, whilst Kate and Miss Grainger were chatting in Kate's bed-room. "I confess it's not the thing that William Howard admires, but Grainger's a most conscientious man, and it's his way. If he likes it, why, of course, nobody has a right to interfere. Let every man do as he likes, is my motto. I was one of the first to take Mr. Grainger by the hand: I allowed him an overdraw, sir, of five thousand pounds when he hadn't a penny. I could see there was mettle in him, and I knew he would make way, and he has done. He's a Dissenter, and I'm a Churchman; but he's got such extraordinary notions about creeds, that I have only once discussed the point with him, and I



never shall again. He is a remarkably clever man, and may do whatever he pleases in Tyneborough. He might be sent to Parliament to-morrow, if he pleased."

Mrs. Massey did not like Mr. Grainger notwithstanding, and there was somebody else who did not—somebody whose affections Mr. Grainger would have given half-a-dozen ships to win. This somebody was his eldest daughter, Laura Grainger; who, at the moment we are supposed to be writing, is sitting on the edge of Kate Massey's bed with one arm round Kate's waist and the other in Kate's hand.

Mr. Grainger had been twice married. Laura was the only child of his first wife. By his second he had several children, whom neither he nor anybody else cared much about, so we shall not introduce them here. Their mother was a straight-laced, red-nosed member of the Primitive Methodist sect; and Mr. Z. Grainger had married her because she had money. Laura had never forgiven him for slighting the memory of her mother by such a union; and she had a hatred of what she regarded as her father's cant and hypocrisy.

Perhaps it was wicked for a child to exclude her father from her affection on this account; but fathers must not lower themselves in the eyes of their children, must not give children cause to withhold their respect, or affection will soon go with it. We do not say whether Laura Grainger had sufficient reason or not for disliking her father; but we know for our own part that Laura Grainger was a much more attractive, lovable creature than her father. A hot, impulsive, warm heart was Laura's. You could see that in her face, at the first glance. She was not beautiful; we verily believe she had a nose that was anything but classical. Her face was a little too round; but she carried this off with a high plait of hair upon her head, that was very becoming. She was neither fair nor dark; her hair was black, and she bound it close to her head, with the exception of a little cluster of curls, which hung in a bunch behind. Her dress was worn high up in the neck, and fitted her form without showing a wrinkle; and a graceful form it was—round and supple. Perhaps Laura's most perfect feature was her hand; an eminent northern sculptor had taken a model of it for his study of Venus. Laura had attained her twenty-eighth year the week prior to the arrival of the Masseys at Tyneborough. Fifteen of these years she had spent away from home. She would not stay at home, and her father had placed her at an educational establishment, some distance from Tyneborough, where she had remained until now.

"I am not a school-girl, please to remember, Miss Massey," she was saying to Kate, in that handsome bed-room which had been allotted to our little Summerdale beauty during her stay at Pentworth; "I am not a school-girl; but when my education was considered finished, there were reasons why I should not return home, and so I have remained at Barnard ever since. The principal of the establishment was a friend of my mother's—indeed they were girls together—and she is a kind,



good woman, and they let me do as I like ; and I have my own rooms, I come home sometimes, at my father's command, on a short stay ; we visit here most of the time, and how glad I am that I should be here just when you came. For I think you one of the sweetest, dearest little things I have ever met. There !”

“And I loved you the first moment I saw you,” said Kate, throwing her arms round Laura's neck, and giving her quite twenty kisses.

It was true love too, this affection, whatever you may think of such a sudden liking. Girls, and women, mostly do love or hate each other at first sight ; and these two, who are kissing each other so fervently, were, of all others, the most likely to be fond of each other. Of totally different types of beauty, they were not likely to be jealous of each other. Moreover, Kate had never known what it was to have a companion, and had seen so little of the world, that she would have liked Laura, even had Miss Grainger been unworthy of her affection ; whilst Laura, having no pretensions to beauty, as she thought, and being a woman of high instinct and noble principles, and generous to a degree, was sure to attach herself to a pretty, unselfish, lively girl like Kate Massey. And so these two became great friends, and that is one reason why we have not given Miss Grainger a mere passing introduction in this chapter.

“She does everything so gracefully,” Anna said to Paul when the connubial candle was put out, after the sea trip ; “she sits down and rises, and moves with a grace that I have never seen in any other woman. I declare I am as delighted with her as Kate appears to be.”

“A pleasant agreeable girl,” said Paul, drawing his night-cap over his reclining head.

“Pleasant, Paul ? She is charming ; and what a musical voice. That is just the woman I should fall in love with, if I were a man.”

“Tastes differ, you see, my dear,” said Paul ; “it is quite evident that it would not be disagreeable to her if Luke were in love with her.”

“And don't you think he is ?”

“No.”

“Then he ought to be, that's all I can say ; why, she is worth twenty Lukes, good fellow as he is.”

“Where are we to go to-morrow ?” asked Paul.

“To Greethams, I think they call it—the new port they talk so much of.”

“Then we shall have a heavy day, love. I think we had better reserve our ideas about Laura and Luke until to-morrow.”

Miserable wretch ! he reserved everything, this poor unhappy man ; reserved everything, for fear the great secret of his life should rush out. As we have said before, he was growing weak and morbid, and was continually subject to confessional fits. It seemed as if he must throw off the weight that was upon him. Let him pull his night-cap on, and breathe hard—he is not asleep ; miserable sinner !

Mr. Massey had hit the right nail on the head when he said that Luke Howard's affection would be agreeable to Laura Grainger. For, in truth, Laura loved this big, lazy, handsome fellow. She will tell Kate all about it soon, you may depend, and Kate will hate Mr. Luke Howard in consequence, hate him most heartily.

The Masseys met a great many people during these pic-nics and excursions; for Mr. Howard was wealthy, and respected, and had a large stake in the prosperity of Tyneborough; and his friends delighted in doing him honour. The gentlemen paid great attention to Kate and Laura, and many young ladies fished for the courteous attention of Mr. Luke Howard, who was everybody's friend, and who made himself happy under all circumstances.

Mr. Zebidee Grainger did not join these excursions; there was too much that was frivolous mixed up in them to suit his taste; but he was glad for his daughter to be there, glad that she should be thrown in the way of Mr. Luke Howard. For it had long been a pet scheme between the two grey-beards—the parents of Luke and Laura—that the houses of Howard and Grainger should be united by this marriage. Laura was a great favourite with Luke's father. He had known her mother, whom she greatly resembled, and he felt that Laura had natural gifts which would be of value to his son.

"The fellow seems to have no idea of marrying," said Mr. William Howard, despondingly, during a confidential chat, as he sipped his grog.

"That is remarkable, indeed," Mr. Grainger replied, stirring his weak sherry and water, which was the only "stimulant" Mr. Grainger professed to take, though we happen to know that he was in the habit of visiting London once or twice in the year, and giving himself up to about three days' savage drinking, at an out-of-the-way inn, somewhere at Pimlico. A wily, keen old man, this father of that noble girl—a sly old wolf to throw off his sheep's clothing now and then, and be the real animal.

"I think the boy (fancy that big-whiskered fellow a boy!) likes the girl; but I can never get him to see what I mean when I talk to him seriously about her."

"It has not pleased the Lord to give me her affection, simply because of my second marriage, but it has pleased Him to endow her with great qualities; and it would be the pride of my life to see her wedded to Luke. There would not be such a couple in the north."

"I quite agree with you; quite agree with you, Grainger; but we must wait, we must have patience, and do the best we can."

Then the grey-beards talked of trade and commerce; of the rising port on the other side of the bay; of some ships which Mr. Grainger thought about selling to Welford & Co., of Maryport. Mr. Grainger thought it would be a good thing to sell just now; he could easily purchase again; only four vessels—they were large ones, it was true; but Tyneborough could soon build a dozen such.

So there was a letter despatched by Mr. Zebidee Grainger (whilst that happy party were sailing round the new port) to Welford & Co., stating that they might have the ships at a certain price. The next morning this communication was opened by Mr. Frank Grey, and after a short consultation, it was decided that Frank should go to Tyneborough and close the bargain.

What a pity Frank Grey did not know that Kate Massey was at Tyneborough—the pet-companion of Zebidee Grainger's daughter!

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### KATE AND LAURA.

Of course Laura told Kate that she loved that great blue-eyed fellow, Luke Howard.

"You must never tell a soul what I have confessed to you. There now, don't frown, I know you will not. Bless your dear face, I can read truth and goodness written upon your heart as plainly as if you wore it on your sleeve," said Laura.

They were caressing each other in Kate's bed-room as usual.

"Are *you* in love? Nay, now, don't laugh at me," said Laura.

"I'm not old enough to be in love," Kate replied, archly.

"Not old enough? how old, then, do you think we should be before we love?" Laura asked, twirling one of Kate's fair glossy ringlets round her finger.

"Why, eighteen, at least," said Kate.

"And are you not eighteen?"

"No I'm not eighteen," said Kate, pursing up her pretty lips, and nodding her head merrily at Laura.

"Well, I should have taken you for twenty, at least."

"Should you? Oh, I do wish I were twenty," said Kate earnestly.

"You *do*: then you *are* in love," said Laura, patting Kate's rosy cheek.

"Am I?" Kate asked quite innocently; "perhaps I may be."

Whether she was in love or not, Miss Massey began talking about a certain Twelfth night party, and of a certain gentleman named Grey, who was delightful company; and then they gossiped about his position, and about Mr. Luke Howard's position, and Kate quite agreed with Laura that it was no matter what the profession or position of a man might be, if a girl loved him, and he was good and true and loved her in return.

But here was Laura's difficulty; she was afraid that the love between herself and Luke Howard was all on one side. She had never breathed her love but to Kate, in whose bosom she dropped the treasured secret. Luke was always kind and attentive to her, gave her his arm at dinner,

sat beside her, and handed everything she wanted, walked with her, and sometimes sang duets with her, in his big, full, ringing voice. But he was not in the least afraid of her; that pretty hand never put his heart into a flutter, and he could look into those clear eyes without trembling. If Laura had known how anxious her father was that she should marry Luke, perhaps she would have given that father a little of her affection: and perhaps she would not; for she might have feared some foul play, some trick, some stratagem, had she known that Mr. William Howard was her ally.

"I am often angry with myself," she said to Kate. "I sometimes say I will never come to Tyneborough any more. I find myself doing and saying things which I fear will betray me; and I would sooner die than let Luke know I loved him, if he did not love me in return."

At that moment Kate uttered a little scream, to the great alarm of Laura.

"What is it, my dear Kate?" exclaimed Laura, looking through the window at which Kate was pointing. "I see nothing."

"Don't be frightened—how silly I am, to be sure. I thought I saw Mr. Grey pass the house. And, hark! there's a ring at the door."

Sure enough there was a ring, and Laura peeped through a corner of the lowest pane, and could see a gentleman standing beneath the portico. Kate looked over her shoulder, and saw Mr. Frank Grey.

"And that is the gentleman you were speaking of. Well this is charming. Does he know you are here?"

"I cannot think he does."

"How strange! There, now, don't go red and white in that manner," said Laura; "put your hair out of your eyes: why, I declare you are trembling like a leaf, you little puss."

"Am I?" said Kate. "Yes, I believe I am. Whatever shall I do?"

"Put your hair out of your eyes this instant, Miss, and let those roses come back to your cheeks. You will be sent for directly: there, that is better, my pet." And then the caressing went on again with the most fervent intensity.

The intelligent reader will perhaps have guessed how it was that Mr. Frank Grey stood at the door of Pentworth. After settling that little shipping affair with Mr. Zebidee Grainger, he had presented himself at the bank of Messrs. Howard & Mentz, with a letter of introduction to Mr. Howard. That gentleman, Mr. Mentz said, would not be at the bank again that day, as he had company, and he believed had only just returned from an excursion.

"Then I will not disturb him," said Frank. "If you will kindly present my note to him, I will call again to-morrow, I shall not leave until Wednesday morning; I am anxious to see your docks and ship-yards."

"Please thyself," said Mr. Mentz, who was a primitive old man, and spoke very much like a Quaker, though he did not belong to the order of

Friends ; " please thyself ; I can only say that, if thou would walk as far as Pentworth—it is not more than a mile—William Howard will be glad to see thee ; and if thou art anxious to learn something of Tyneborough, he will tell thee how to go about it."

" Thank you," said Frank ; " then I will act upon your kind recommendation."

" Thou'll just catch him before dinner if thou goes now—he dines at four."

Frank thanked Mr. Mentz again, and directed his steps towards Pentworth ; and he was quite unconscious of that little scream of Kate Massey's. An hour afterwards his heart almost stood still at the thought that he might have deferred his visit to Mr. Howard until the following day, and then seen him at the bank, and left Tyneborough without dreaming that Miss Massey was near the place. He certainly would not have left Tyneborough without seeing Mr. Howard, because Mr. Welford had strongly advised him to see that gentleman, as he might be useful to him in the way of business.

Mrs. Massey crossed the hall as Frank entered. You may be sure they were very much astonished ; and you may also be sure that as Mr. Howard knew that Frank was known to the Masseys, he invited him to stay and dine. It was some time before Frank summoned up sufficient courage to ask if Miss Massey was there ; he was afraid she was not. He was happy, he said, to hear that she was well, and he tried to shield his happiness by excessive courtesy, and to smother it in common-place remarks about the weather.

What a happy, genial dinner it was ! Frank sat between Laura and Kate ; on the other side of Laura was Mr. Luke Howard ; on the other side of Kate was a Mr. Welton, a Hamburg merchant. They were faced by Mrs. Massey, Mr. Massey, and several visitors ; and Mr. Zebidee Grainger was taking his chop at home. Kate looked round at Laura now and then, and smiled ; and Mrs. Massey watched her daughter, when nobody else did. Mr. Howard was a hospitable host, and he told his stories, and made his jokes at the proper time ; though by the bye they were all about shipping and banking, and making fortunes. He knew every man in Tyneborough, and how every man had made his money. Frank Grey, who, at any other time would have been interested in the old banker's stories, thought little or nothing about them now. When he was not speaking to Miss Massey, or Miss Grainger, he was thinking about the former, and in his heart thanking old Mentz for advising him not to delay his visit to Pentworth.

There is a custom in the north too much honoured in its observance, the custom of permitting the ladies to retire to the drawing-room very soon after dinner. The port had scarcely gone round the table twice, ere the ladies disappeared ; and then Jack, who had attended upon Mr. Luke Howard at the railway station, handed round cigars, and everybody smoked over their port and their claret. Luke Howard threw himself

into an easy chair, and sprawled his legs over the fender, and smoked, and laughed, and talked about the events of the few preceding days. Old Howard kept his seat at the head of the table, and gave himself up to walnuts and port, as if he were a young man. Paul Massey was quiet and moody; and Frank Grey, anxious to propitiate that grave parent, exhibited to the company his thorough knowledge of business, and his acquaintance with books. The other men said what they could—which was not much—and smoked furiously. But this part of the dinner was not agreeable to Frank, who was thinking most of the time what the ladies were doing, and wondering when coffee would be announced.

The happy time came at last, and then they all adjourned to the drawing-room. The smoke was hanging about their clothes, and it perfumed the room; but the ladies made no objection, and so far as Frank was concerned all the geniality and happiness of the first part of the meeting went on again.

But we will not dwell upon these mere details. We need not tell the reader how Kate played upon that grand piano, which Mr. Howard had bought in London; how Laura sang, and how Luke Howard was prevailed upon to try that duet about the Fisherman with Laura. Frank *would* turn the leaves for Kate whilst she played that new arrangement of "Home, Sweet Home," which Luke Howard insisted was the best thing out; and Kate was not at all annoyed when Frank turned the leaves at the wrong time, and she scrambled through the piece with an amount of success that would have astonished the author. And so the evening sped away, until at last Frank had to take his leave; but it was arranged that on the morrow a little party should be got up for a visit to the docks, and the warehouses, and the ship-yards, and the anchor works. Mr. Grey was to be of the party, and so was Kate.

Tyneborough was Elysium to Frank, though it looked more like Pandemonium, as he went home to his hotel. The furnaces were blazing, and smoking, and illuminating, and darkening the sky. The river was glowing with the lights from the anchor works and the forges; and the harbour bar was moaning. But the blazing furnaces were bright, merry, delightful lights to Frank; and the harbour bar's moaning was sweet music.

Mr. Welton, the Hamburg merchant, who was staying at Frank's hotel, walked home with him, and confided to Frank his private opinion that Miss Massey was the most charming little girl he had ever met; and that he had serious intentions of telling her so, if an opportunity offered. Did he mean to insult the lady? Frank inquired; because if he did—Oh, no, nothing was further from his thoughts; he had too much respect for Mr. Howard, and his admiration of the young lady was too sincere for that. Well, there was an ambiguity, Frank observed, about Mr. Welton's remark, which was not agreeable, and he must call upon him to explain. Mr. Welton did explain, all the way to the hotel; and was explaining nearly all the evening afterwards—in a corner of the



coffee-room—until at last Frank was induced to explain himself; and the end was that the two sat up explaining until long after midnight, to each other's mutual satisfaction. Frank hardly knew how the time slipped away; the day's surprise had been too much for him, and the prospect of another twelve hours in Kate Massey's society put all other things out of his head.

His Worship, the Mayor, accompanied them through the docks, on the following day; and so, likewise, did Mr. Zebidee Grainger, who took occasion now and then to remind those around him of the grandeur and beauty of our Lord's works compared with those of man. What were these ships, and those anchors, and that molten iron, and that hot boiling glass, to the sky and sea above them?

You might have noticed, had you been there, that Mr. Zebidee Grainger never committed himself in this way when his daughter was near. But Mr. Zebidee Grainger could not afford to give up all his sermonizing and his pious ejaculations, simply because Laura was of the company. That keen, sly old wolf in the sheep's clothing, had found his purpose answered too well at Tyneborough by a fierce religious zeal; and everybody knew how sincere he was. When the carpenters were on strike in a great builder's yard (of which he was at the time chief proprietor), because Mr. Grainger had taken an undue advantage of an engagement-note, the congregation held a special meeting at the Zebidee chapel, and prayed that the Lord might turn the hearts of the benighted carpenters, and drive the devil from the yard of His chosen servant. The men knew it was over with them then; it was almost enough when Mr. Grainger met them in a body, and threw twenty texts in their faces; but when the chapel prayed for them, that was too much; and the men returned to work at once, which resulted in a thanksgiving meeting, at which Mr. Grainger, going down upon his knees on the bare floor, gave thanks to our Lord for expelling the devil from the works.

Unhappy Laura! Her heart revolted at all this; and between her love for Luke Howard and her fear and dislike of her father, she was ill at ease on this journey through the yards. She saw Frank Grey and Kate Massey lagging behind the rest occasionally, and finding themselves next to each other whenever there were steps to be mounted, or short ladders to climb; and then she felt that she had not fired Luke Howard with that passion which had taken possession of her warm heart.

The day was soon over again—soon, too soon, over—for Frank Grey had said good-bye, and had paid Mr. Mentz a parting visit, and had paid his hotel bill, and taken his departure for Maryport; whilst Laura and Kate were kissing and confessing up-stairs, and lamenting to each other their probable parting in a few days hence. For Mr. Massey was not well, and had suggested that they should return to Summerdale at the end of the week. Kate had contemplated a short stay at Pentworth alone; but Mr. Massey thought, as the autumn was rapidly drawing to a close, it would be better that they should all return together.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## "MURDER WILL OUT."

PAUL MASSEY had been seriously ill for a long time. He walked about as usual, it is true ; but he was weak, and weary. London doctors and Maryport doctors had seen him, and prescribed for him ; but it was as the Summerdale practitioner said, "nothing would do Mr. Massey any good ;" his system was giving way under a complication of those disorders which years of excessive mental anxiety will engender in the strongest constitution. Remorse had done its worst. Paul could no longer bear the weight of conscious guilt. The loss of physical strength had brought on a morbid sensitiveness which betrayed itself so frequently, that Mrs. Massey had long since become convinced that Paul's illness was ministered to by some hidden sorrow. In years past she had often rallied him upon concealing something from her ; but since their removal from Denby Rise she had, as we have already observed, become more serious in the expression of her fears that Paul had a secret.

"Is it some monetary difficulty that troubles you, Paul ? said the patient, loving wife, as they sat together on a memorable afternoon in the familiar library of Oak House.

"No love," said Paul, pressing his hand over his heart, as he had been wont to do for some time, to arrest a sharp pain of which he had often complained during the few previous months.

"You are very poorly this afternoon, my dear," went on Mrs. Massey, taking his hand ; whilst Kate, who was sitting on an ottoman at his feet, pressed her head affectionately upon his knee.

"I do not feel so well to-day as I have done for weeks," said Mr. Massey, despondingly.

"My dear Paul," murmured his wife, "there is something besides physical pain which is hurting you."

"Kate, my love," said Paul, "take a walk in the garden whilst your mother and I have a little talk."

Kate rose immediately, but not without looking surprised, seeing that it had never before been deemed necessary to exclude her from the conversations of Oak House.

"What is it, Paul ? Have you been more unfortunate in money affairs than you wish me to think ? Don't fear to tell me. I shall begin to doubt your love if you have troublesome secrets to keep from me," said Mrs. Massey, when Kate had shaken her curls over her shoulders, and wandered into the garden with a book in her hand.

"I am very ill, Anna," said Paul ; and the tone in which he made the confession sounded direfully ominous.

"Let me send for the doctor," said Mrs. Massey hurriedly, with her hand on the bell.

"No, no, no," said Paul, "it is no good ; we will see by and bye."

Mrs. Massey looked into his face with alarm : she would have pitied him could she have looked into his secret soul, and seen there the deadly struggle that was going on.

"When was the first time, Anna," said Paul, with a great effort to be particularly calm, "when first you thought I had some secret from you."

"I cannot tell, my love," said Anna, "I never thought seriously about it until lately."

"And you have thought seriously about it lately?"

"I have ; but only for your sake, Paul. You would despise me and rightly, if you thought I had any weak curiosity which I desire to gratify. But I love you too much not to wish to share your sorrows as well as your happiness."

"Do you remember, Anna, the attack of illness I had at Denby?"

"I do," said Mrs. Massey sorrowfully, "my poor Paul!"

"I said strange things during the fever?"

"You were very ill, Paul ; frequently light-headed."

"Do you remember anything I said?"

"I remember one thing."

"What was it?" said Paul, a slight flush tinging his pale cheeks.

"You said you loved me with all your heart and soul."

Paul smiled faintly and sadly, and pressed the hand that lay in his.

"Do you remember my talking to you strangely, when I was getting better? Do you remember my asking, 'Suppose I turn out to be a bad, wicked man?'"

"It is little that you have said to me, Paul, which I forget."

"Then I will tell you a painful, a dreadful story, Anna ; summon all your fortitude to hear it ; you will require all your courage to sit it out."

Paul was so pale, and so calm, and his voice was so hollow, that Anna's heart beat fearfully.

"It has been in my mind to tell you years ago, Anna ; but I loved you so much, so dearly, that I could not cause you a moment's pain. I do not love you the less now ; but something tells me I ought to respond to your desire to share with me a sorrow which has long afflicted me."

"Dear Paul !" said Anna, now almost as pale as himself.

"I have prayed night after night for guidance ; and it seems to have been borne in upon me now, at the last, that I should do what I have been on the point of doing many times."

Paul pressed his hand upon his heart, and looked at his wife so sorrowfully, so sadly, that the tears came into her eyes, and she bowed her head over his hand.

"There was once a youth, Anna, who loved you tenderly and patiently ; his name was Harry Thornhill."

Anna started, and looked up, wondering and amazed ; but Paul felt

as though nothing in the world could stop his story; it seemed to flow from him of its own accord, like that of the Ancient Mariner.

"His name was Harry Thornhill; he was as good and true-hearted a fellow as ever breathed. He had a friend, who on his way to call for Harry at the home of the lady he loved, was wrecked, and but for Harry's brave intervention would have been drowned. This friend was Paul Massey, who no sooner saw the lady than he loved her too. He had seen hundreds of beautiful women before, but none so fair as Anna Lee. Nay, hold up thy head, Anna—I am no flatterer. I did not know that she was affianced to Harry Thornhill."

"She was not," said Anna, gently.

"But I loved her with a man's strongest, purest love."

"Bless you, my dear Paul," said Anna.

Though these tender ejaculations cut Paul to the quick, still he went on with his story.

"And when I learnt that she returned it, the world did not hold a man so happy as Paul Massey. When he found that Harry Thornhill loved her too, a pang of sorrow for his friend was the alloy to Paul Massey's happiness. There is no complete bliss in this world. Time flew on, and Anna and Paul were to be married; whilst Harry Thornhill was to go abroad with his sorrow. A day was fixed for him to take farewell of Denby Rise, and the visit had Anna's sanction. I had another friend there—one Winford Barnes."

Anna instinctively shuddered at the name.

"This Barnes was a shrewd man of the world—he saw danger in the visit of Harry to Denby Rise—danger to the hopes of Paul Massey—the soft womanly heart would relent at Harry's misery, would soften at the parting, and pity would beget love. Paul Massey was a hot-hearted fool, who loved so passionately, so madly, that he would have been jealous of the wind kissing the fair cheek which was his."

Paul paused to gather strength for the remainder of his story. He pressed his hand nervously upon his heart, and breathed with difficulty.

"The day of parting came. Winford Barnes, like a sneaking wretch, watched Harry Thornhill and Anna Lee; when they were alone he saw the disappointed lover press a ring upon the lady's finger; he heard the lady murmur some tender words; he heard Harry Thornhill say "I knew you would, Anna; I knew you would."

Anna trembled with excitement.

"What did the lady mean? What was it that Anna knew she would do? What was the ring?"

"My own ring," said Anna, interrupting the story excitedly, "my own, Paul. He had taken it from me months before, in mere playfulness, in the presence of my uncle. He returned it when he bade me good-bye, and asked me to wear it for his sake, as if he were my brother, my only brother. I said I would, Paul, I said I would," and Mrs. Massey burst into a flood of tears.

"Look up, love, look up; I will tell you the remainder of the story at some other time."

Paul's resolve was breaking down. In presence of those tears, he felt that it would be better that his secret should die with him. "It cannot be," an inward monitor seemed to say; and he was pressed on to tell her all, all that terrible story of love and jealousy, with its ghost which had haunted him day and night. It was a selfish thing to do, to make Anna's life as miserable as his own. He knew it was selfish; this tortured him even whilst his tongue poured the deadly poison into her ear; but the secret would out—it seemed as if it leaked out of his very weakness.

"Paul Massey has never been jealous since. But on that day the fiend possessed him. He questioned his friend on board the yacht; he asked him to explain the meaning of the ring, and those words, 'I knew you would.' Harry Thornhill was indignant at the meanness of his friend; Harry's proud soul and his pure love for Anna Lee, could not brook the vulgar jealousy of the man who had won her heart. Winford Barnes, like the arch-tempter himself, stood by to spur Paul's valiant meanness on. High words followed, angry threats were exchanged."

Here Paul rose from his seat, his face was hot, and he clasped his hands together as if in supplication; whilst his wife hung fearfully upon every burning word he uttered.

"Blows followed—great God forgive me! No matter that Harry struck the first. My hand was upon him—it was the hand of Cain—he fell overboard, and was drowned—Paul Massey murdered his friend."

Mrs. Massey uttered a piercing shriek, and fell stricken, almost to death, at the dread confession. Kate heard the cry from the garden, and came hurrying into the room with the servants. They found Mr. Massey raising his wife from the ground. He trembled so much that his poor stricken burden shook as he endeavoured to raise it. He was pale as a ghost, and his eyes wandered about the room as if he had suddenly gone mad. Kate hurried to her mother, and the servants brought water. Explanations were neither asked for nor given. They bathed her temples, and they put brandy between her lips; and by and bye the closed eyes opened. Paul looked, on but said nothing; his death-like gaze terrified all who saw it.

"I shall be better presently," said Mrs. Massey faintly, and they raised her up. "Take me to my room."

They led her out, and Paul followed them with his eyes until all seemed dark and indistinct, and he staggered to a seat just as the doctor, who had been summoned by a thoughtful domestic, entered the room.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## AFTER PAUL MASSEY'S CONFESSION.

THE mysterious trouble which had fallen upon Oak House was Kate Massey's first taste of real bitters. Her mother would explain nothing; her father was too ill to be questioned. A deep settled mystery had come upon her home, which made it almost unbearable. The doctor, who had been sent for to see Mrs. Massey, was not required by that lady; she rallied, and said she was quite well again, as soon as she reached her own room, after that painful scene which had taken place between her husband and herself. Mr. Massey's condition required every care. Dr. Fitz said that a moment later, and his aid would have been useless. Mrs. Massey received the doctor's report with a calmness which was most puzzling to the Summerdale practitioner.

"There is something wrong," he said to himself more than once; "something wrong; that woman has altogether changed."

A week had elapsed, and she had only once visited her husband—that dear Paul whom she had loved so fondly, so devotedly. When she did go to his bedside, she inquired after his health, in a constrained manner, that was not indifference, and yet could hardly be called affection. Paul answered her in a low voice, and turned his eyes from her.

Kate did not take her bitters kindly at all. Whoever did take their first dose kindly? Kate shrugged her shoulders at them, frowned at them, cried over them, dreamt of them, and was wretched. She wandered from her father's room to her mother's side, and back again with appealing, sorrowful looks.

"I am so miserable, mamma," she said at length, "so unhappy."

"My poor child," said Mrs. Massey, putting her arms about her.

"I cannot bear it any longer," Kate went on, sobbing; "I will not bear it—I would rather die."

"Katy, Katy, my dear; what is the meaning of this?"

"I know I am only young, mamma, young in years; but I am old in love for you and father; old in your confidence, too. Why is there this mystery?"

"You should not seek to know what your parents do not desire you to know," said Mrs. Massey, with more severeness of manner than she had ever before shown towards her daughter.

"And mamma, dear, is it right that your child should be breaking her heart because you will not let her comfort you; is it right, mamma, that I, who have lived all my little life in the full enjoyment of your dear love, should now be shut out from your heart?"

Kate sobbed convulsively. You see she was a spirited girl, and she had had so many sweets that this first taste of bitters was intolerable to her. She rebelled against it. She spurned Dr. Fate's medicine; she would not have it; she threw it from her—she stamped her little feet upon it.



But Dr. Fate held the medicine to her lips, and she was obliged to take some of it, as everybody is. After the first dose people become used to the noxious draught, and get to tossing it off quite courageously.

We could point to many an emptied vessel of Dr. Fate's bitters which we have quaffed ourselves. Cannot you, *bon ami*? Vessels of all sizes; some of them have held big, double-distilled doses that have almost choked you. Eh? *cher ami*—don't you remember? That big dose of slander; that bitter draught of ingratitude; that nauseating gulp of injustice; that milder dose of pure misfortune. Of course we must submit; it is better that we should have the bitters, in order that we may appreciate the sweets. For Dr. Fate administers sweets as well—sweets that are doubly sweet when they come immediately after the bitters. But how should Kate Massey know that bitters were good for her?

"Have patience, my Katy, have patience," said Mrs. Massey, bending over her.

"I cannot, mamma; I have lost all my patience—I feel as if I shall go mad."

"What shall I do?"

"Do, mamma? Tell me what this trouble is; take me into your confidence again. You have brought me up to love you, to be interested in all your thoughts, to share all your pleasures, to soothe you when you are sad; and now that I am old enough to feel all this. You put me from you, send me away, just when I would be with you, and creep into your heart."

"Patience, patience," was all Mrs. Massey could say; "I must have time to think."

Poor Mrs. Massey, she had had plenty of time to think about Paul's confession. She had scarcely slept a wink since he made it. At first it was like some horrible dream, and by degrees it assumed a dreadful reality. Paul's rambling words in that illness at Denby; his questions on his recovery; his enforced companionship with Winford Barnes; his mysterious obligation to that odious man; his settled melancholy; his total change since his marriage—all were explained. The man she had worshipped so long had not only been meanly jealous of her, but had killed her brother, had slain the man who had rescued him from death. Oh, it was a terrible blow! "Thank heaven," she said, "uncle Mountford has not lived to see this day." Was this a part of her punishment for trifling with the love of a noble heart? Was this the conclusion of that even-handed justice which had begun when death took from her side that dear protector whose wishes she had thwarted? Would she ever recover her punishment? She thought not. She would rather not but for Kate's sake.

"Why should she care to live now?" she asked herself. "She could never love Paul Massey again. Never!" And yet she could not tear his image from her heart. She could not blot out the memories of those happy, happy hours which she had spent in his society. She could not

forget his many proofs of devoted love ; she could not forget how handsome he was, how noble he looked that day when she consented to be his, wholly. Then she thought of his sufferings all these years, of his mental agony, wrought up to that maddening pitch when the secret would come forth, when the troubled conscience could bear its load of guilt no longer. "But she could love him no more," she said again to herself, and then she shuddered at Harry Thornhill's fate, and thought of his last interview with her. How could she love a murderer? Harry struck the first blow. But what was that to the dagger stabs of unfounded jealousy? To think that her Paul—the man of men, the noblest, the truest, the best—should be what he confessed! Oh, it was maddening!

"Mamma, dear," said Kate Massey, when a few days more had fled, and Dr. Fate had compelled her to take his big dose of bitters, without further questioning, "why will you not come to father?"

"I have my own proper reasons for not doing so, my child ; I have told you so before."

"You have, mamma, and I promised to wait until you thought it fitting I should know them. I will wait, mamma ; you shall not say I am undutiful again ; but poor father is continually asking for you. There are often tears in his eyes now, and it nearly breaks my heart."

Mrs. Massey remained silent ; but in her heart of hearts she pitied her husband.

"Mamma, I am sure he is very ill now ; Dr. Fitz says he is. And, oh, mamma, don't you think it is cruel of you not to come and see him?"

"Kate I thought I had a promise from you!" Mrs. Massey replied.

"Yes, mamma ; but supposing father should die? And, mamma, though I may promise not to question you, I cannot prevent myself from thinking."

"And what do you think, then?" the mother asked.

"I think what I should once have scorned myself for thinking, that you are unkind, that you have forgotten to practice all that love and kindness which you have taught me to practice. Do not be angry—I cannot help it—I am so very, very unhappy."

Mrs. Massey thought there was justice in her child's rebuke, and she laid her head upon Kate's shoulder and gave way to a passionate flood of tears.

Kate put her arms round her mother's neck, and kissed her, and begged for forgiveness. "Do you forgive me, mamma?" she said by and bye."

"Yes, my child, yes," said Mrs. Massey.

"Then forgive father too, whatever he may have done, do, do forgive him."

Mrs. Massey kissed Kate's forehead.

"Come, mamma—come let us go to him now," she said, after a while.

Mrs. Massey suffered herself to be led away, and she sat beside her

husband, and took his hand in hers, and Kate slipped away, and left them.

"Say it is not true, Paul," said Mrs. Massey, when the door was closed; "say it is false, say it was an accident—anything but what you have said."

Paul only faintly pressed her hand.

"I have loved you, Paul, so much—so dearly—how can I love you now?"

"I cannot hope that you will," said Paul in a whisper; "I cannot hope; but bear with me, bear with me, Anna, for a little while."

"Oh, my poor husband," said Anna, the last appearance of calmness breaking down, and the tears falling fast; "my poor husband."

"I could cover my guilt no longer, Anna—it would be told—I had always feared that another tongue would tell the story, but it was decreed that mine should be blistered with it, and that you should hear it," said Paul with difficulty, pausing for breath almost at every word.

"Our child, Paul," said Anna.

"Spare her, spare her," was Paul's reply; "let her never know of her father's dishonour. Dear, dear Kate!"

The child became reconciled to her mother again when Anna continued not only to visit her father, but to wait upon him and soothe his pain. "He is my husband whatever he has done," Anna said to herself at last; "and he is sick unto death. Though I may love him no more—how can I?—I pray that God may forgive him, and how can I ask for His mercy, unless I forgive him myself. So she went to him, and comforted him, and prayed with him; but it seemed as if her heart was severed from him more and more every day, as if her Paul was gone, as if he was a part of some happy memory, as if this was some poor sick sufferer, who demanded her care and succour. And yet she wept over him, and said a hundred times "if it had only been an accident."

Did she love him still? Or did she not? We can scarcely answer the question. A noble, true, pure woman, cannot love a guilt-stained man, cannot bend lovingly over hands that have done murder, unless it be in ignorance of his sin. Anna had loved Paul all these years with all her heart; could the sudden knowledge of the unworthiness of him she had loved change her whole nature?—crush out the light of love which had burned for him only, cared for him always? Anna thought so—when her trust in the man she loved was gone, when his high and noble attributes were torn away, when she could no longer admire and respect him, it seemed that her love was gone.

We have set down in this chapter Anna's tangled thoughts and feelings, her manner, her words—we have endeavoured to describe the struggle with love, and duty, and honour, and truth; we will not answer for the exact state of her heart. But she had a high sense of religious duty, and she blamed herself for part of the trouble which had fallen

upon her. She ought to have known, she said to herself, young as she was at the time, that she was trifling with the love of Harry Thornhill—poor dead, murdered Harry Thornhill!"

Weeks, months passed away, and Mr. Massey was still confined to his room. Sometimes he was strong enough to be dressed, and moved into a chair; but the London doctor and Dr. Fitz had long since prepared Mrs. Massey for the worst.

Frank Grey, hearing through persistent inquiry that Mr. Massey was so unwell, had ventured upon making a journey to Summerdale, and had called at Oak House; but only for an hour. He stammered out something about having business a few miles' distance, which was perfectly true, and that he felt he must take the liberty of calling. Mrs. Massey received him politely, but Frank felt that her manner was cold; he only saw Kate for a few minutes, and he was grieved to see how sad she looked.

Never had the spring flowers looked so hopeless to Mrs. Massey. The snowdrops drooping above the brown turf in the garden, in company with yellow crocuses, and daffodils, had no charm for her now. She had brought herself, by degrees, to talk with Paul about other subjects than the one which had such terrible possession of her. She had become his careful, tender nurse; and Kate had recovered back some of her old cheerfulness. She could see how necessary it was that there should be smiles and encouraging words in a sick room, and she could also see that they must come from her. Poor girl! It was hard for her to bear, after her years of unalloyed happiness, this dreadful, mysterious change.

At night, over the kitchen fire, the servants would discuss the master's illness, and invent all sorts of explanations of that never-to-be-forgotten morning, when they heard that shriek of missus's, and found her in a swoon on the floor. The circumstance was all the more impressed upon them, because the life of Mr. and Mrs. Massey had been such a calm, happy life, to all appearance: and they never could understand how Mrs. Massey could, or why she did, absent herself from the sick room of her husband for days after he was taken so seriously ill, when she insisted that she was quite well herself, and refused to see Dr. Fitz.

The Summerdale people, who learnt all about the affair, could make nothing of it, and therefore said very little about it. They respected and loved the Masseys, and most of them said the servants had exaggerated what was no doubt a little quarrel, that would occur in the best-regulated families. The more that was said about it, the more were the virtues and goodness of the Masseys extolled. Oak House had never had such gracious tenants since it had been Oak House.

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(To be continued.)

## MEDALS FROM THE ANTIQUE.

## No. 3.—SOPHOCLES.

BY THE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

INCESSANTLY exposed to fall beneath the combined efforts of the Asiatic States, Greece seems to have impressed her poets with so strong a consciousness of her critical position, that Sophocles, like his predecessors in the dramatic art, invariably represents man engaged in a hopeless struggle against misfortune, and bowed down beneath the iron will of inflexible fate. According to Brumoy, this great man was born in Colonaë, in the second year of the seventy-first Olympiad, which answers to the year 495 B.C.; and the best biographers have adopted the epoch fixed by the learned Greek scholar, although, according to the Parian marbles, his birth took place in the third year of the seventieth Olympiad—a difference of about three years.

Some historians assert that Sophocles' father, Sophiles, was by trade a blacksmith; while Pliny, on the contrary, assures us that Sophiles belonged to a distinguished family, a supposition that would seem to be confirmed by the very careful education the subject of our sketch received from his parents.

Sophocles was initiated into the rudiments of polite learning by Lamprus, the same whom the poet Phrynichus satirized by representing his funeral train to be composed of water-fowls, a delicate way of hinting that this second Amphion had anticipated the modern system of teetotalism, by practising a complete abstinence from the juice of the grape. His pupil distinguished himself, at a very early age, both in dancing and music, successively carrying off the prizes in each of these sister arts. And the youthful Sophocles might be seen, wrapt in the folds of elegant drapery, with perfumed locks, and his handsome countenance radiant with inspiration, and his lyre in his arms, leading a chorus of young Athenians round some triumphal monument, and singing a hymn of victory, after the celebrated battle of Salamis.

A passionate admirer of Homer, from whom our poet borrowed the majesty and elevation of his style, and the harmony of his numbers, it was in the pages of his unequalled model, that Sophocles studied not only the art of delineating great characters, but the science of war—apparently the least compatible with poetry, yet a most necessary study in the stormy times in which his lot was cast. He felt less enthusiasm for the works of Æschylus, his predecessor in dramatic poetry, whose style he considered overlaid with too many reflections, and bombastic



expressions, and whom he thought deficient in the knowledge of stage business. Nevertheless, he approved certain portions of his works, while he maintained that Æschylus had succeeded in these only by chance. Vastly superior to the latter in the structure of his tragedies, Sophocles discarded all metaphysical and allegorical beings from his pieces, strengthened the choruses, and obtained the abolition of the custom which had hitherto exclusively confined the competition for prizes to trilogies, *i.e.*, pieces consisting of three tragedies, and a pastoral, the characters of which were satyrs.

Our poet was not twenty, when Cimon brought back the ashes of Theseus to Scyros, by order of the oracle of Apollo. The Archon Aphepsion called on all the poets to enter into competition for the tragedy that was to illustrate so solemn an occasion. Sophocles offered his Triptolemus, the subject being the travels of that prince, and the mysteries of Ceres. The five umpires, appointed such by the drawing of lots, having been beset by the petty intrigues got up by some of the candidates in the view of biasing their judgment, displayed such hesitation in awarding the prize, that the ten generals elected by the tribes, suddenly made their appearance on the stage, headed by Cimon, who had no sooner performed the customary libations to the deity presiding over the games, than Aphepsion bid them stay, and having sworn them, installed them as sole judges of the contest—a circumstance that imparted a fresh degree of lustre to this festive occasion.

The prize was awarded to Sophocles, which decision so incensed his competitor, Æschylus, that he left Athens abruptly, and retired to the court of Hiero in Sicily, where he died close upon seventy years of age.

Thenceforward Sophocles became the idol of the Athenians, and in the course of his long career, wrote upwards of one hundred and twenty tragedies, of which the following only have been handed down to us: *Edipus the Tyrant*, *Electra*, *Philoctetes*, *Ajax*, *Antigone*, the *Trachiniæ*, and *Edipus Coloneus*.

Sophocles was crowned twenty times, and had the glory of obtaining the first and second palms. Amongst those of his pieces which have not reached us, we may mention: *Pandora* created by the gods, *Triptolemus*, *Dedalus*, *Athamas*, *Andromeda*, *Tereus*, *Aletes*, *The Camirians* (or descendants of Camirus, son of Hercules), *Medea*, *Pelias*, *The Colchi*, *The Scythians* or *Medea's Flight*, *Creusa*, *Amphiarus*, *Eriphyle*, *Alcmaeon*, *Nauplius*, *Paris* recognized by *Priam*, *Helen's Nuptials*, *The Festival of the Greeks before Troy*, *Memnon*, *The Trojan Captives*, *Polyxenes*, *The Antenorides*, and *Nausicaa*.

It was customary for poets to recite their own verses on the stage, a custom which Sophocles accordingly observed for a time, playing amongst other parts, those of *Thomyris* in the tragedy of that name, and of the princess *Nausicaa*, daughter of the king of the *Phæacians*. But the weakness of his voice obliged him ultimately to give up interpreting the characters he delineated.



Many crowned heads sought to entice the great tragic poet to their several courts, but he turned a deaf ear to their dazzling offers, preferring the glory he enjoyed in his own country, to the favours they were ready to bestow.

Of course, so great a genius as Sophocles, could not escape the shafts of envy, which ever delights to carp at superior talent; but our poet repelled all such attacks with a mild and patient spirit, his only answer being the production of fresh masterpieces. He was indeed deservedly nicknamed the *Bee of Parnassus*, and Philostrates of Lemnos represented him in one of his paintings, with his brow surrounded by bees, and modestly bent towards the ground.

The satirical Aristophanes likewise renders justice to Sophocles' noble character, when he represents him on the stage offering his hand to Æschylus, to place him in the seat of honour, and then himself retreating amongst the common herd of spectators.

When Euripides first appeared on the stage as a tragic writer, some quarrels arose between Sophocles and himself. Euripides lampooned Sophocles in a biting epigram, to which our poet retorted in equally cutting terms. Nevertheless, a reconciliation took place between the two great poets, and from thenceforward the most cordial and intimate friendship was kept up between them until death. Euripides having descended to the grave before his illustrious friend (who followed him in the course of the same year), the latter wore mourning for him publicly, and gave orders to the actors who were performing one of his own works, to appear on the stage without the wreath which usually adorned their heads.

Born in a free condition, Sophocles took up arms for the defence of his country, and made one of the ten chiefs whom the Athenians sent to Samos to command the army. Thucydides and Pericles were amongst his colleagues. At a later period, in spite of Pericles' opinion that he was better fitted to be a good scholar than a skilful general, the Athenians, in their enthusiastic admiration for the tragedy of *Antigone*, raised him a second time to the highest post in the army, by appointing him as one of the ten generals sent to carry war into Sicily; albeit Sophocles himself, with the modesty of true genius, was the first to confess his inexperience. A pleasing instance of this diffidence occurred one day that a council was held for the purpose of discussing some very important topic, when being pressed by Nicias to give his opinion, he answered: "I am older than you, if the Republic only looks to the number of years—but you are my senior, if it reckons our respective ages by the eminent services you have rendered to the State."

Satisfied with the property bequeathed to him by his father, and devoid of all personal ambition, Sophocles sought no further remuneration for his works than a crown of laurels, to which a few measures of vegetables were added on certain occasions. He was ever more solicitous of improving his abilities than his fortune. During the plague that

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ravaged Athens, he shared his dwelling with the celebrated Hippocrates, when that great physician came to devote his services to those who were stricken by the epidemic. Hence the Greeks, ever prone to impart a poetic tinge even to the occurrences of daily life, built on this simple foundation, a fabled visit which Esculapius was said to have paid Sophocles.

But though honoured and illustrious as a poet, Sophocles was not equally fortunate as a father. Towards the close of his life, he was dragged before the Areopagus by his unnatural sons, who, under the odious pretence that he was in his dotage, were not ashamed to claim the right of putting him under restraint, as incapable of managing his family, and taking care of his property. A scene as impressive as any page from one of his own tragedies, then took place—and in presence of his son Iophon and of the judges, whose sentence the unworthy young man was hoping to obtain against his own father, Sophocles proceeded to read that touching passage\* in *Œdipus Coloneus*, in which the unfortunate monarch, driven from his native country by the Thebans, is resting on a rock, and giving the details of his acute sufferings.

Transported with admiration by this stirring poetry, the entire assembly rose like one man, and surrounding the aged poet, conducted him back in triumph to his dwelling, amidst a hurricane of cheers and applause; thus nobly revenging him by these tokens of high esteem, on his base and sordid accusers.

Sophocles died in the third year of the ninety-third Olympiad—*i.e.*, in the ninetieth year of his age—overcome, according to some authors, by the lively emotion he experienced on learning that a prize had been decreed to one of his tragedies; but, according to others, choked by a grapestone that stuck in his throat. This latter version is alluded to in an epigram attributed to the poet Simonides, which may, however, be taken in an allegorical sense, since Bacchus, one of whose attributes is the grape, presided over the festivals illustrated by scenic representations.

Sophocles left two sons—Iophon, who cultivated poetry with great enthusiasm; and Ariston, who became the father of a poet whom he named Sophocles, and who obtained some success in writing tragedies.

On the death of Sophocles, Lysander, who was then besieging Athens, and held the fort of *Celeæ*, where rested the ashes of the great poet's ancestors, begged his corpse of the beleaguered city, and had it laid in the tomb of his fathers, and himself presided over the funeral rites. Hence was derived the fabled apparition of Bacchus, who was said to have twice disturbed the general's slumbers, and to have ordered him to pay the last duties to the Attic swan who had just expired.

The Athenians honoured Sophocles' memory, by promulgating a decree enjoining a yearly sacrifice to be made to the heroes dear to their country.

\* One Greek author maintains that Sophocles read the entire tragedy of *Œdipus Coloneus*, an opinion extensively adopted by biographers.

On his tomb was placed a figure of Bacchus adorned with purple and gold; while on the spot where tradition pretended that Sophocles had received Esculapius, Athens raised a monument under the designation of Daxion.

Another decree ordered statues to be erected to Æschylus, to Sophocles and to Euripides, and deposited in the public archives; while it was enacted on the proposition of the orator Lycurgus, the contemporary of Demosthenes, that henceforward the tragedies of those great poets should cease to be represented by actors, and should only be read in public by the secretary of the Republic. Unfortunately this law entirely missed its aim, for by depriving such works of the advantages derived from the emulation of the actors, and the prestige of scenic representations, the ancients struck a fatal blow, which ultimately worked the downfall of the tragic art.

## FEVER HEAT.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

"AND we're not at all afraid of our negroes," said my hostess, for about the third time during one short evening. Why then should there be such evident anxiety to insist upon this fact? I had not asked whether the planters feared their slaves, or even alluded to the possibility of such an unpleasant state of affairs; and yet ever since my sojourn in the State of Louisiana, little things kept peeping out, to show that in connexion with this domestic institution there existed the same sort of feeling as one would experience in sleeping in a villa half way up Vesuvius, or occupying the post of keeper of a caravan full of uncomfortable snakes and snarling beasts. People pay and pay to look at such things, and the keeper lines his pocket well, but he never knows when it may enter into the brain of one of his amiable pets to pay him. And so with the domestic institution. Wonderful crops of sugar and rice are got out of those rich fat acres that border the Father of Waters. Year after year, by alternating the crops, riches are reaped, without recourse to manure proper or agricultural chemistry. Uncle Pomp's black back shines in the rays of the almost perpendicular sun as he steams away, ploughing or hoeing, between the tall green rows of the sugar-cane running far above his head, and beneath and amongst which hardly a breath of air is stirring; but £200 Pomp, with his stamina kept up by hominy and dried fish, almost returns his value to his owner year by year; and the same by Aunt Dido, whose parti-coloured handkerchief shelters her woolly head from the torrid beams. Hoeing away in gangs of Didos, the luxuriant weeds are kept down, riches pour into the planter's lap, and his house abounds with all the luxuries so much appreciated in a climate that enervates, and seems a foe to all active pursuits. But in the midst of his Eden of fruit and flowers, luxuriant tropical vegetation, humming birds—the fireflies of the day, and the insect scintillations of the darksome night, with every luxury that money can command to augment the beauties of nature, the planter feels that he may at any time be pierced by the thorn that is concealed amid his flowers; but for all this he takes pains to let you know, through the lady who presides over his household, that he is not at all afraid of his negroes.

As a traveller, of course, I am bound to listen with the greatest of politeness to all that I am told, but at the same time I do not feel that I am bound to believe it. I happened to have spent a week in New Orleans before ascending the Mississippi, and from what I saw there, I



came to the conclusion that at all events Creoleedom is rather afraid of its slaves. Else why the armed nightly patrol to clear the streets, after the bell has sounded its warning to the descendants of Ham? why the guard-house for imprisoning the poor wretches who are captured? why the constant proneness to carry revolvers and bowie knives, and other uncivilized implements for boring, gashing, or otherwise letting out the human soul from its mansion of clay? and lastly, why, when an incendiary fire takes place in the city, of which there were no less than three in the week I stayed, why should New Orleans say out loudly, and with plenty of the slang bluster—"All the result of accident," and then lay its heads together, and whisper with a shade more pallor in the pallid countenances—whisper low and soft as though fearing that the words might bear news that every one already knew—"the darned niggers."

So mused I upon leaving my host and hostess, and being shown to my bed-room. My advent seemed to have been looked upon as a favour, and no hospitality could have been more unbounded. I had ridden by the side of my host through acre upon acre of waving maize, and could almost have fancied myself some Oriental prince from the attendant slaves running by my side to brush away the insect nuisances of the climate. I had been shown the lagoons where those scaly abominations, the alligators, had their home, and where they thrashed the fish in the shallows with their flail-like tails, until they became an easy prey. I had been shown where there were snakes, and frogs as big as skittle balls, fit to be eaten (by those who liked the dish); walked upon the towering bank that confines the mighty waters—draining of a continent—and heard stories of their wondrous volume, and the monsters that lived within their hidden depths; and, lastly, gazed upon the tangled cane brake which revived memories of Uncle Tom and Dred, and bloodhounds, and Legree, Maroons, Three Fingered Jack, massacres, and all sorts of horrors; and before going to bed had all set at rest by my hostess's assurance that "they were not at all afraid of their negroes."

Setting at defiance the sanitary precautions and warnings received, I sat at my open window watching the moon rising over the dark belt of forest, and flooding the misty fields with its silvery light, listening to the distant murmur from the woods, and almost awestricken with the silence around. The negroes' quarters lay to my right, within a hundred yards; and I could see the dark palisade that enclosed the huts; but all was silent as the night.

Nothing aids reflection better than a real Havanna, and with a large one alight I now took the slavery subject well into consideration. Down South, partly on business and partly on pleasure, I set myself to investigate all that appeared on the surface of that broad subject, abolitionists term the great black slough of slavery. My memory ran both ways. The owners said that the slaves were the happiest people on "the face of

the earth ;" but if so, they have a very undemonstrative way of showing it ; and casting on one side what I had read or heard, I tried to compare the state of the African African and the American African, and him in his turn with the British labourer. In his native state he is a savage—sometimes cannibal—wild, war-like, ferocious, and diabolical in his worship ; given to war-making and slaughter ; and in his predatory excursions the weakest go to the wall, or more often to the compound of the slave-dealer on the coast. In his American state he is hard-worked, but well fed ; treated often with harshness, perhaps with the whip, but not over-worked ; doctored in sickness and taken care of ; allowed to garden and keep poultry upon his own account and to sell it. But, on the other hand, he is kept in the same debasing state of ignorance of common things as of religion, and seems on the whole to be treated as if he were a black bullock, or to give him his proper name, a field hand. Comparing him with the British labourer, he is in some things far better off, but in many others far worse. The idea of buying and selling human beings is repugnant in the extreme, but how few farmers are there at home who value Bucolic John at the rate of £200 ; he gets but little help if he fall sick, and less tending ; and far from having a good infirmary to go to, he trembles and thinks of the Union.

And so ran my musings, until I came to the conclusion that Mrs. Stowe had written her books to sell ; that slavery was an evil undoubtedly, but a very old sore indeed, and one for which there seemed no present cure ; that a slave under a good master had a very good time of it, and *vice versa* under a hard master ; and that, taking men as we find them, masters and overseers, American Pompey in his condition, and African Cæsar in his, things were not so bad as they seemed. As my cigar was just out, I threw away the end, closed my window, and with thoughts that would have brought upon me the utter contempt of all men of Wilberforce tendencies, and the disgust of every Yankee abolitionist I threw myself upon my bed, mentally saying that "Pompey and Cæsar were very much alike, especially Pompey."

Weary with my exertions during the heat of the day, I had no occasion to summon sleep, she waited at my elbow, and in spite of the warning "wuz-yez" of ever active mosquitos, I was soon soundly asleep, with thoughts wandering far away, but tinged with the events of the past few days. Slavery was mixed up with all my wanderings, and I fancied myself engaged in the prohibited traffic, sailing the tropic waters between the Guinea Coast and the Spanish Main, and with my bark laden with the captive wretches. For a while all was well, but then they broke out into open rebellion, and I could hear them beating at the hatchways and doors to get on deck, and shrieking my name. Then a new change : they had set fire to the vessel, and the glare of the light was before my eyes, and I felt half suffocated with the heat and smoke. Then again they shrieked my name ; but this time it seemed real, and with a wild ejaculation of terror I leapt from my bed, for a fearful glare shone through

the window, and the heat in the room was stifling. My first act was to hurl the great water carafe through the window ; but though air came, it was heated and smoke-laden ; and hurrying on a few things, I essayed to escape by the door, for it was but too evident that the place was in flames. I unlocked and opened the door, and a burst of flame and smoke nearly bereft me of what little reason I had left, the current aroused by the open window made the flames leap into the room, and it was with an effort that I managed to close the door again and rush to the window. It was too far to leap, but there was no time to lose, for the flames were crackling outside and the heated floor to my bare feet warned me that the room beneath me was on fire. On making my appearance at the window a shout was raised by a crowd of blacks upon the lawn, but no one stirred to lend me any assistance. I shouted for a ladder, and a figure, which I recognized as that of my host, dashed into the crowd, which dispersed in different directions. I saw, however, that before they could bring the ladder I should be completely roasted ; and in despair of aid I climbed outside the window. If I had possessed the sense that accompanies presence of mind I should have knotted my sheets together, secured one end to the bedstead, and have slid down, which would have been a much easier though less romantic proceeding ; but I did not think of this. However, shouting to those below to bring a ladder or pole, I stood for a few minutes outside upon the window sill, but not for long, for there was a snapping and crackling noise, and then a rush of flame and sparks burst forth from the window directly beneath, writhing and forking up towards me, and licking my bare feet with its burning tongues. I dared not leap down, for the height was too great, but the yell that saluted my ears so unnerved me that I nearly fell and it was only by a strong effort that I commanded nerve enough to retain my hold of the wood spouting, that ran round the eaves of the house. There was nothing else for it, no means of escape ; so leaning my whole weight upon the frail wood-work I began to travel slowly along hand over hand hanging with body motionless, for the gutter cracked and bent with my weight. I dared not look down for the height seemed fearful, and I mentally prayed for the arrival of the ladder. The flames seemed to follow me, and at last I arrived at the end of my tether. I was now at the north corner of the house, where the spouting had commenced, and I hung, nearly exhausted, waiting for the tardy succour. The moments were like hours ; my muscles seemed torn by the lengthened tension upon them, and I knew that I must soon drop. I felt that it would be a charity to force me to fall, for I could not be so seriously hurt, but nature whispered, "No ! hang on till you drop ;" and hang on I did with the energy of life and death till one end of the spout was burned through, when it gave way and with a crash I fell.

The depth seemed interminable, and I could feel that I must be taken up in a crushed and mutilated state ; but at last the shock came and I lay helpless, but only to be pounced upon by a crowd of black

demons, who grinned and chattered around me for a while, dancing and shouting; and then they seized me by the arms, legs, and hair, and carried me towards the burning part of the mansion. I could feel the glow of the red-hot embers upon my face, and I shrieked out, for I was in excruciating pain; but the wretches seemed devoid of all feeling, and I was at a loss to understand what they were going to do, when suddenly they swung me backwards and forwards for a few seconds and hurried my writhing form right into the hottest part of the fire, the flames of which leapt up and wreathed over me, and I could hear the crackling and sputtering noise of my hair burning; then my flesh blistering all over seemed to be a torment of the most intense nature, and feeling that my last minute of life was passing, my senses left me.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And you feel certain it is not Yellow Jack?"

"Oh, decidedly! It is not the *Vomito Prieto* this time. It appears to me to be brought on by over-exertion and excitement, but I venture to say that he will be all right again in a few days. It is a very slight attack. You see he is not seasoned, salted to the climate as it were, and these English never take into consideration what their constitutions will bear, but go bull-headed about, regardless of all consequences, and of course sooner or later they reap the fruits— Ah, my dear sir, you see I was taking you to task for your imprudence; but you had better not sit up. Let me arrange that pillow—there, lie down; we'll send a nurse up to you directly. You gentlemen are famed for your imprudence. One of your own travellers says: 'No one out in mid-day heat but Englishmen and dogs.' I forget the name of the author."

All this time I was staring at my *vis-a-vis*, behind whom stood my host. "Imprudence," I stammered, "would you have had me stop and be frizzled like a steak?"

"Oh! no, decidedly not," said my visitor, smiling and feeling my pulse. "Mr. Devine," he continued, turning to my host, "one-third of the left hand bottle upon the table—not that—the one with the red mixture. Yes, in the tumbler, and about an equal quantity of the acid-water. Thank you. Now, my dear sir," he continued to me, "drink this; it will calm you; and I daresay we shall have you on your legs again in a day or two."

"Aint they broken, then?" said I anxiously.

"Oh, dear, no," said the doctor, for such I now took him to be.

"And where am I hurt?" I continued.

"In the head," said the doctor, with a pleasant smile; "but I really would not talk any more at present. It may prove injurious."

"One moment," I said. "Be kind enough to bring me the looking-glass." My host humoured me by bringing one of the small oval hand glasses, and my first glance was at my hair, the front of which, however,

was touselled but unsinged. After which, with gentle force I was laid down, in a puzzled half stupified state.

The room seemed the same, and I felt in no pain, but on the whole rather languid and comfortable, just as if I was about to drop off into a calm sleep, and in this state I began to come to the conclusion that I was another Shadrach, Meschach, or Abednego, and had come out of the ordeal unsinged. I must have enjoyed a calm, deep sleep of many hours, for when I awoke it was about sunrise, and a neatly dressed old black woman was nodding in an easy chair by the bedside.

I lay for some time collecting my thoughts and recalling the different incidents of the fire, and feeling and examining myself under the bedclothes to find out where I was damaged. In this, however, I was unsuccessful, for the only failing part about me seemed my strength; in every other respect, I came to the conclusion that I was sound wind and limb. I lay alternately watching the glorious aspect of the early morning sky, and smiling at the poor old object before me, who, at all times rather of the plainest, was now, with jaw stretched open and sleep drawn countenance anything but improved. The force of imitation was too much for me, and I gradually dropped off again myself, and on waking found my black guide busy arranging the room, but withal with such quietness that she seemed as though she were literally made of black velvet. I was so anxious to get out of my present puzzled state of mind, that I immediately called to the old lady, and so startled her that she dropped a water-jug and broke it into a dozen pieces.

"Goramighty, massa! look dar what you done; wait a moment till I pick up 'um pieces and den I come."

The clearance being effected, and the wet sponged and sopped up, my attendant came to the bed-side and began punching and shaking the pillows and bolster.

"Who are you?" I at length asked.

"Me Black Luna, massa, ole nurse what bring up all massa's lilly children. Me 'ong of ole massa hundreds of years."

"And now, Luna, tell me all about the fire."

"'Bout fire, massa? kitchen fire?"

"No, no! about the house being burnt, and my being burnt."

"Ah, yes, iss, what massa talk 'bout las week when 'im 'lerous, all about head being burnt."

"Yes, yes," I exclaimed.

"Ah, ah! yes, iss," said my sable friend, "dat fever fire burn up massa's head and make him all mad and tupid."

"Mad, delirious," I said, as a light seemed to break in upon my cobwebbed intellect, and then I gave vent to my feelings in a long, low whistle.

"Massa nebber come down to brexfass, and so ole massa come up, and den send for Luna an' de doctor, an' when I come up tairs, I find massa, dat's you, kicking all de close arf and saying all de dams and

debbles he could tink ; talk all nonsense about burning and tumbling, and jump out of bed and run round de room calling for ladder. I try 'top massa; but all no good, for 'um try to get out ob de window, and de more Luna pull 'um things de more 'um tear, and quite frighten poor ole Luna ; but de doctor come ; an' he soon give massa someting as make him lie down and sleep and—and dar—Goramighty, de doctor say I not let massa talk nor yet talk to him, an' here me talk, talk, like 'um praecher at camp meeting."

Luna had returned to her duty and no more could I get from her but nods and shakes of her grizzly head. However, a week of careful nursing and attention set me on my legs again, and so ended my escape from being burnt to death.

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## PAUL ROMAINE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAINT FRIDESWIDE'S."

*(Continued from Page 400.)*

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLES.

It was early in the spring term, when the reading men at Oxford were busily engaged in their work for the examinations which were to succeed the Easter vacation, and the boating men were straining every nerve in the University Eight which was to compete with Cambridge in that same Easter time.

Paul Romaine was sitting in his rooms, his reading-table before him, and his attention fixed upon the open pages of Homer, when a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," said Paul in no very pleased tone, for he hated to be disturbed when reading.

"Have you heard the news, Romaine?" said Douglas, one of the scholars, entering the room.

"No; what news?" asked Paul.

"Why, there's an awful row in College. The Phlegethon Club have been up to something or other, and the Dons have spotted them; it's all over the College, every one is talking about it."

"This is bad news indeed," said Paul, whose thoughts instantly reverted to Percy Cheyne; "do you know what men are implicated?"

"Yes, all the officers of the Club," replied Douglas; "Devereux, the President, Cheyne and Stropper, and several of the members, so I hear. They say that the Dons are going to hold a Common Room either to-day or to-morrow, to investigate the whole affair."

"I'm glad you told me of this, Douglas," said Paul; "I must see Cheyne at once."

He went to his rooms accordingly, and found Percy sitting by the fire, a book lying open upon his knee, and his eyes fixed thoughtfully on the embers.

"Cheyne," said Paul, as he entered the room, "is the report about the Phlegethon true?"

"Judge for yourself, my friend," answered Percy, taking up a piece of paper which lay on the table; "the conclusion of the whole matter lies in this interesting document."

Paul took the paper and read as follows: "The Dean wishes to see Mr. Cheyne in the Common Room to-morrow at ten o'clock A.M."

"What *have* you been doing, Cheyne," said Paul; "I thought you promised me to avoid that infernal club."

"And so I did as much as possible, I've scarcely been there at all; but you see I'm treasurer, and so I'm obliged to attend occasionally, and as ill luck would have it, I was present on the night before last, when all this row took place; so I suppose I shall suffer with the guilty."

"What has been done? what was the row you speak of?"

"Why, the men were playing very high, as you know they do in the Phlegethon, and that wretched cad Chunter lost an awful lot, and then swore that some of the men had not played fairly, and then there was an awful row, and Stropper threatened to throw Chunter out of the window—I only wish he had—upon which Chunter sneaked off, and positively went to the Dean, and showed up the whole affair, and the doings of the Club for months; so now the Dons are going to break up the Club, and make examples of the chief members. "*Hinc illæ lachrimæ.*"

"By Jove! this is a corker, and no mistake," said Paul; "but surely, Cheyne, you would not lend yourself to any such disgraceful affair?"

"If you mean cheating at cards, I answer, certainly not," said Percy; "nor do I thank you, Romaine, for supposing such a thing possible. I am quite innocent of everything except being treasurer to the Club; but that will be quite enough, old Swade hates me like poison, and I don't expect that any of the Dons have a wonderful affection for me. However, I don't think they can do much to me, and as long as my ogre of an uncle doesn't hear of it, I don't much care. He would be only too glad of such an opportunity for casting me off, I know."

Paul talked long and earnestly to Percy during a walk which they took together that day; and when they separated, I doubt whether Paul did not look forward to the next day's proceedings with more anxiety even than Percy, for was not the happiness of his sister at stake?

At ten o'clock next day, a small band of St. Chrys'tom's men, looking on the whole somewhat disconsolate, betook themselves to the Common Room, followed by the pitying eyes of the porters and of such scouts as were hurrying across the quad with their brooms and pails. The Common Room was a long and solemn apartment, panelled with black oak, and ornamented with various coats of arms. There were the arms of Michael Wynckworth, knyghte, and of Robert Underwoode, citizen of London, founders of the College; and of Richard Bell, and Dorothy his wife, benefactors to the same. There were the portraits of the late Principal, and of a stern individual in black armour, supposed from the general expression of his face to have been an ancestor of the present Dean. At the head of a long table in this room sat the master of St. Chrys'tom's, Doctor Benison. On his right hand was placed the Dean; on his left, the Bursar, Mr. Tillotson; whilst the rest of the Dons, Messrs. St. Albyn, Barker, and Smee, occupied places at this formidable board. The culprits upon whom the Common Room was sitting, were seated

near the end of the table, and their faces as they thus sat showed a wonderful variety of expression.

Devereux, the President of the Club, and one of its most wild and extravagant supporters, sat with an air of careless unconcern, which, though doubtless assumed, was sustained with admirable *nonchalance*. He looked about the room, and occasionally at the Dons, with a languid expression in his drooping suspicious-looking eyes, as though the whole affair was of not the slightest importance to him. Stropper, on the contrary, who was Vice-President of the Club, showed unmistakable symptoms of uneasiness, and fidgeted about in his chair perpetually. Henry Chunter, of whom I have said nothing lately, simply for the reason that there was nothing good to say of him, showed that he found himself in a very unpleasant position. Scouted by his companions as a sneak and informer, and placed by the Dons among the guilty members of the Club, Mr. Chunter felt like the white-washed crow among the pigeons, rejected by his own side and not received by the other party. Two or three others of the Club preserved a stolid look of indifference, but they were scarcely so successful as their President. Percy Cheyne sat a little apart from the rest; his face wore a look of unusual gravity, and his hand played impatiently with his watch-chain. And so they waited the opening of the trial.

The Master after several coughs and clearings of his throat, which showed that he did not at all enjoy the part which he had to perform, at last said: "Gentleman, we are sorry, deeply sorry to have to summon you here to-day on such an unpleasant subject. But the affair is of such a character as to admit of—to admit of no alternative; the proceedings of this Club, now they have been discovered, prove to have been disgraceful, I may say infamous! If I had had the smallest conception that such things were actually going on within this College, I should have—I say, I should have long ago taken means to end them at once and for ever. We have not been ignorant of the existence of this—this Phlegethon Club, but we had no idea of the character of its proceedings. It grieves me very deeply, gentleman, that any members of this College, should have so far forgotten what they owe to the College, to their friends, and to themselves, as to commit such acts of riot and debauchery as I am well advised have been committed of late. It is, of course, impossible for us to pass over such a grave offence as the present; nor can we allow all to escape because we cannot convict all the offenders. You who are here to-day must know very well that you are not selected at hap-hazard from the Club, more especially you who are officers and managers of the whole affair. I shall not at present say more, but shall leave the Dean to make what remarks he may think fit."

Now was the time for the Rev. Richard Swade Swade to exert his natural talent for being disagreeable, and he acted up to the occasion. Fixing his eye-glass securely in his eye, and glaring sternly through it at the delinquents, he spread his white soft hands on the table, and

began speaking in the purring tones which almost always preluded his most unpleasant remarks.

"You have—a—heard what—a—the Master has said—a—in expressing the—a—regret which we feel at this—a—disgraceful affair. It is not, however, necessary for me—a—to dwell longer on that—a—subject. I have—a—to tell you that the—a—College has decided to punish this—a—very grave offence, very severely, as it—a—undoubtedly deserves. It is—a—my duty to speak to you now, gentlemen—a—individually. Mr. Devereux, you—a—as President of this Club, were of course responsible for its proceedings, and it was—a—in your power to check or allow certain things to—a—proceed. You are therefore to be considered as—a—the very head and front of this—a—offending, and the advice which we—a—have to give you is—a—to remove your name from the College books, within—a—four-and-twenty hours; otherwise, the consequences must be—a—still more unpleasant to yourself. You, Mr. Stroppe, have—a—not only been mixed up in the most disgraceful part of these proceedings, but—a—your general conduct has been far from satisfactory. The College has therefore decided that you must go down for a year, at—a—the end of which time, you can, if you wish, again come into—a—residence."

"And if, Mr. Stroppe," said the Master, "you rather choose to follow Mr. Devereux's example, there will be no difficulty in acceding to your wish."

Devereux and Stroppe listened to their severe sentence, the former with languid indifference, the latter with sullen obstinacy.

The Dean now addressed himself to Percy Cheyne: "You were, I believe, Treasurer to this—a—this Club."

"I was, sir," replied Percy; "but I beg to state that I had nothing whatever to do with the proceedings which are now being investigated."

"You needn't—a—make any observations at present—a—Mr. Cheyne," drawled the Dean. "You admit that you were an officer of this—a—society; you were—a—I believe, present at the last meeting when the—a—shameful scene at cards was—a—enacted—"

"I was present it is true, sir," interposed Percy, impatiently, "but no one dares to impute a shadow of dishonourable play to me."

"Really—a—Mr. Cheyne, you must—a—be silent, and listen to what is said, without—a—these interruptions," said the Dean, getting white with anger.

"You shall be heard presently in your defence, Mr. Cheyne," said the Master courteously.

Percy bowed and was silent.

"The very fact, Mr. Cheyne, of your belonging—a—to such a society, knowing as you did its—a—highly objectionable character, is in itself a grave offence. Then—a—you held a responsible position in it, which places you very much on a level with—a—Mr. Devereux and Mr. Stroppe—"

"Heaven forbid!" muttered Percy.

"And finally you were—a—one of the few members present at the last meeting of the Club. Taking these—a—facts into consideration, we—a—are obliged to inflict severe punishment upon you as—a—as well as on the rest, but—a—in consideration of your previous good conduct, we—a—shall only require you to go down for—a—two terms, and we hope that—a—on your return you will be more careful and—a—circumspect, more especially as—a—the Club which has led you into this trouble will be—a—henceforth abolished and—a—broken up."

"If you have anything to say against the justice of this sentence, Mr. Cheyne, we are ready to hear you," said the Master.

"Gentlemen," said Percy, coming forward, "I am ready to confess that I have been unwise and reckless in belonging to this Club, but I do not think that my folly deserves so severe a sentence as rustication for two terms. In my case the punishment is more than commonly severe, as my uncle and guardian, with whom I am not on good terms, would not hesitate to add greatly to my misfortune—very likely to cast me off entirely, in which case my whole prospects in life would be ruined—and surely this is too severe a penalty for belonging to a wild and disorderly club; for that I took any part in the unfair play of the other night, or of any night, no one has ventured to hint. I hope therefore that for these reasons you will in justice impose a lighter sentence."

The Master leaned over and whispered to the Dean, and that worthy shook his head in reply; then Doctor Benison said: "We do not consider the punishment too severe for the offence of being so long a member and officer of the Phlegethon Club. As to your uncle's anger we have of course nothing to do with that; these things should be thought of earlier. It is not, however, likely that he will do what you say when the facts of the case are made known to him, as they will be by the Dean, as such a proceeding would be certainly very unjust. We will, however, reconsider your case, and will inform you if we see any cause to alter the sentence of the Common Room. You can go now."

Percy went out almost stunned by the conflicting emotions within him, and at once went to Paul Romainé in his rooms. Meantime the Common Room continued their session, and proceeded to "gate" and "chapel" Chunter and the other members of the late club during the rest of the term; a sentence which when explained means that they were not to "knock into" College after the closing of the gates at nine o'clock, and were to attend *twice* a day instead of once."

Paul heard with great regret the result of Percy's appearance before the Common Room. "It's a precious hard line," he said, "but I see the principle on which they go; all the leading men in the club must suffer for their influential position. But let's hope they'll mitigate it."

"Oh, trust them for that! I have no chance," replied Percy; "whoever found any of our Dons doing a kind thing? If they'd only gate me, or confine me altogether to college, I shouldn't care; but as soon



as my uncle hears of this from old Swade, it's all up with me. Ralph Cheyne will be only too glad to get a convenient peg to hang his wrath upon, and to make a pretext for kicking me out. And then all my hopes are gone, and poor, dearest Maude lost too! O fool, idiot that I have been!"

Presently a porter knocked at the door to ask Paul if Mr. Cheyne was there, and finding him sitting in Paul's chair, gave him a paper, and "hoped the Dons had thought better of it." Percy cast his eye over the paper:

"The Master and Fellows assembled in the Common Room, upon consideration, see no reason to alter their decision in your case. You may remain in college for three days from this time, to make the necessary arrangements, and must then go down, till the ensuing Michaelmas term.

EDWARD BENISON, *Master.*

RICHARD SWADE SWADE, *Dean.*"

"I'm sent down, George," said Percy to the sympathizing porter, "though what for I'm profoundly ignorant."

"Very sorry to lose you, sir, I'm sure," said George; "it's a pity as ever you belonged to that club, I think." And with this undeniable truth on his lips the porter departed.

"*Sic transit gloria mundi*," said Percy, sadly; "you see what my own infernal folly, and the justice of a Common Room have brought me too, Romaine. Don't talk to me, you can't do any good; I must go and write to my uncle and get it over; but I think I know my fate pretty well."

So saying, and without letting Paul stop him, he hurried off to the Union to write the important letter. Paul, you may well suppose, was greatly unsettled and annoyed by all this. While he felt indignant at Percy's reckless folly, which after all his warnings had at length brought him into this trouble, he felt equally angry at the undue severity of the Dons. It was clear that they were furious at the Phlegethon Club having so long escaped their vigilance, and vexed at the scandal which its existence had brought upon their College; and actuated by these feelings, they were determined to make examples of the leading supporters of the society. Paul consulted his tutor, Mr. Barker, but obtained no comfort; it was necessary, he said, and besides there was no appealing against the sentence of a Common Room.

On the following morning Percy entered Paul's rooms, and put an open letter into his hands. It was written in a stiff uncompromising character, as though an iron hand had held the steel pen; its contents were these:

"LONDON, February 26th.

"You have at last openly shown your real character, one which I have read for some time past. Reckless, unbridled extravagance, self-



indulged passion, and inordinate vanity have, as I have long foreseen, brought you to disgrace and punishment. The ingratitude which you have ever displayed, in return for the advantages which you have received solely *through my charity*, has now culminated in bringing disgrace on your own name, and on that of the firm to which I belong. That firm has, however, been sufficiently injured by you and yours; the son has trodden worthily in the steps of his father, and has even added to his parent's sins, by mingling with sharpers, and becoming ignominiously dismissed from college. Your conduct is such, that I consider myself henceforth freed from any obligation to support you. If you suppose that I shall pay for your future *honourable* course at Oxford, you are greatly mistaken. You have repaid my confidence and bounty with ingratitude and disgrace; henceforth you must fight your way alone, I have no more to say or do for you. I enclose a cheque for fifty pounds, which is the last sum you will receive from me; and part of which you will expend in paying your debts at Oxford, for depend upon it not a farthing of them will be liquidated by me. You need not make any further communication to me; I wish to hear and know no more about you.

RALPH CHEYNE."

"A kind and eminently characteristic letter, is it not?" said Percy, bitterly; "but '*jacta est alea*,' it's all over with me, that's very clear. I know my kind uncle too well, to suppose he would listen to reason or alter his determination; and after such a letter as that, I'd sooner starve than try him again."

"Starving's an unpleasant thing," said Paul, sententiously.

"True, and so is eating humble pie with a stony-hearted old sinner," replied Percy. "But I must not stay talking here; 'to-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new.'"

"Don't talk in this wild way, my dear fellow," urged Paul earnestly; "your uncle has behaved like a blackguard it's true, but you must not think of setting yourself adrift; you have other relations, other friends at least?"

"Not a relation in the world," said Percy; "and as for friends, such as I have would probably tell John to show me the door when they heard my story. No, no, Romainé, I must pay for my folly, though I never thought to pay so dear for it; and, believe me, the hardest blow of all, is the knowledge that I must give up my pretty little Maude. Don't talk about it, old fellow; I know all that you would say. I *must* write to her though this once; you won't refuse me that pleasure?"

"Refuse you! God forbid!" said Paul sadly; "but let me see you again to-morrow; I shall be at lectures till twelve, but come to me then."

"I'll see about it," replied Percy hurriedly, and left the room.

That night the mail carried on its way to quiet, happy Inglefell the following letter:

"ST. CHRYS'TOM'S, *February 27th.*

"DEAREST MAUDE,—Do not be astonished at receiving this letter, nor angry that I have disobeyed your mother's command, since, though the first, it is also the last letter which you will ever have from me. You must forget me, dearest ; forget that you ever permitted a tender thought for Percy Cheyne to harbour in your loving heart. They will tell you, my love, that I am unworthy of you, that I have deceived you, that I am disgraced ; but let your love, though it is dismissed for ever, contradict the calumny. Unfortunate I am, rash and unwise I ever have been, but dishonourable never ; and so I fear not disgrace. Maude, dearest, I am sent down, rusticated for some time ; and my uncle, who has never liked me, and has ever treated me with harshness and insult, has now cast me off, and left me to my own devices. So the world is before me ; God help me ! it is a barren world to me ! I must fight my own battle alone and unaided, and so all my sunny dreams for the future are melted into air, and the fairest dream of all, dearest, the dream of our love now, and our happiness hereafter, is banished, and for ever. Forgive me, Maudie, for the pain which I have given you ; forgive and forget your unfortunate Percy. You will never hear of or see me more, unless in after years I may achieve something worthy of your notice ; but what chance is there of that ? Believe only that I loved you truly, and ever shall love you, in my lonely wanderings ; and believe too that no dishonour attaches to my name. Paul will tell you more of the wretched details ; I cannot. Ask your kind mother to forgive the poor outcast whom she once liked, and talked with in happy Inglesfell. And now farewell, my love, my lost love ! May your life be happy as it deserves, and never darkened by a recollection of  
PERCY CHEYNE."

On the following day, Paul on his return from lectures, did not find Percy in his rooms, so he at once proceeded to those of his friend, and there saw Percy's scout in the act of sporting the "oak," or outer door.

"Where's Mr. Cheyne?" asked Paul.

"He's gone down, sir, this two hours," replied the scout. "He left this note for you, sir, and I don't suppose he means to come up again, for he sent the money for his batels to the Dean just afore he started, and asked him to see his name took off the books."

Paul took the note, and found in it a brief statement that Percy wished to avoid the pain of a regular parting, that he had taken his name off and was gone for good, or rather for evil, he feared ; that it would be useless for Paul to attempt to trace him ; but that he would communicate something of his movements in a short time. The letter was written with an air of careless ease, but it was easy to see the aching heart beneath the flowery covering of cheerfulness.

Sick and sad at heart, Paul went back to his weary books ; but he read little that day, or for many days to come, in spite of all his efforts.

## CHAPTER XX.

## "THE DERBY" OF THE THAMES.

THE spring morning dawned warm and genial over the landscape, and the April sun flashed on the bright waters of the Thames. Yes, on the *bright* waters; for although our scene lies no farther from London than among the river-side meadows of Mortlake, yet even here the Thames has lost much of its black and hideous impurity. It is true that the Thames at Mortlake presents a very different aspect to that which it exhibits farther away in the country, where it ripples pure and transparent round its green islets, by Windsor or Maidenhead, or flows along tranquilly under Cooper's Hill and the classic ground of Runnymede, and further still among the woods and pastures of Gloucestershire, till it finds its source among the far-off Cotswald hills. But still at pretty suburban Mortlake we look in vain for the dark, thick, poisonous stream which gnaws greedily at the greasy piers of London Bridge, and breeds disease and death in its foul depths.

Though it was early—for the river-side clocks of Fulham, Putney, and Hammersmith had lately struck seven—the banks of the river were thronged with a motley crowd of people, on foot and on horseback, crushing, pushing, hurrying along the towing-path on the Surrey side, usually the lonely haunt of bargemen or sanguine anglers. Almost as soon as the first sunbeam had flashed upon the vanes of the neighbouring churches the visitors had begun to appear. Over every bridge from Putney to Mortlake vehicles of every imaginable shape, size, and condition poured in rapid succession, and discharged their occupants; some to stand on the bridges; others on the banks; others to take up as good a position as they could at Mortlake. Every type of London society was to be seen, and a sprinkling from the country as well. Here an omnibus crammed inside and out with gentlemen of the "Fancy," in white hats and Newmarket scarves, pressed hard upon an open carriage of ladies and gentlemen who could not proceed for a truculent costermonger, who, mounted on his donkey-cart, had relinquished the lucrative pursuit of selling vegetables through the suburbs, in favour of a day's pleasure—which means, with those of his class, a day's drunkenness. Dog-carts with fast clerks and sporting city "gents" rattled by, careless of policemen and furious drivers of steady vehicles. Here might be seen the prig shopman, resplendent in rainbow-tinted attire and electro-gilt jewelry, driving Arabella in a fast "trap;" to-morrow, he who smokes his cigar with such an ineffable air, will be snipping yards of ribbon, and asking in honied accents "what the next article will be." There were to be seen tall life-guardsmen, out with Mary Jane; sweeps and coal-heavers, with imperfectly washed faces; thieves, skulking among the crowd; policemen in plain clothes dodging them close at hand; thimble-riggers and card-

sharpers were busy on the bank ; and there were constant shouts of : " All hot here, all hot, brandy balls, six a penny ! " " Here you are, sir cigar-lights, penny a box ! "

So much for the *ignobile vulgus* ; the upper classes were plentifully represented. Dashing carriages laden with ladies, others on horseback, rattled by every moment ; stout fathers and thin fathers, cross fathers and amiable fathers, sons, brothers, cousins, and uncles, all were there ; and all, or nearly all, bore about them a badge, a morsel of ribbon, or a gay rosette, where appeared the rival colours of dark and light blue, the colours of Oxford and of Cambridge.

The day was the great day of the University boat-race ; and all these hundreds of people were assembled to see one of the finest sights which our country can boast—the chosen youth of our old Universities striving with might and main in friendly rivalry against each other—a sight far better worth seeing than all the horse-racing and prize-fighting which a civilized country gloats over and encourages.

The boats were announced to start from Putney at half-past eight ; but the time passed, and they came not. The multitude, however, were tolerably patient ; for an English crowd loves a spectacle so well that it will stand for hours in wind, rain, hail, or snow to catch a glimpse of a great personage, or to see a fellow-man hurried into eternity at the end of a rope. So the people on the bridges and banks laughed and talked, and munched apples, and drank gin out of medicine bottles, and swore and chaffed, as is their wont. Betting was very rife. Sporting characters, who were well up in " Bell's Life," and knew " a thing or two " about the race, offered " three to one in sovs on Oxford," and displayed their greasy betting-books with great ostentation. Now and then some trifling incident would attract the attention of the expectant crowd. A lubberly fellow would essay to row his sweetheart across the river, and get foul of the bridge ; whereupon he was greeted with volleys of sarcasm, not always couched in very delicate language. Then some adventurous clergyman, wearing the colours of his University, would climb with considerable difficulty to an exalted station on the railings of the bridge ; where his hat would be blown off into the river. This incident was always greeted with a roar of delight from the unwashed ; for your tag, rag, and bobtail revel in the misfortunes of their friends, for which they have the Frenchman's saying to bear them out, and their pleasure is almost increased tenfold if the unfortunate one be a shade more respectable than themselves.

At length, however, the watchers who had taken up a position near Mortlake were made aware by the shouting and running and general excitement on the banks that the boats had started. Soon the heavily-laden steamers came in sight ; the Umpire's boat, and those chartered by the University men, bearing their distinctive flags. And then the centre of every glance, " the observed of all observers," the Oxford and Cambridge boats flashed into sight.

It was no hollow race, for though Oxford was leading by a boat's length, yet Cambridge was coming on bravely, and the shouts from the partizans of either side rose full and unceasingly. Many a heart beat high that day beneath dainty dresses and gay jackets, and many a little hand cased in dark or light-blue gloves was clapped in wild excitement.

Beautifully they came on with a steady sweep, the eight oars of each boat flashing in one blue line above the troubled water, the coxswain looking eagerly ahead, and managing the tiller ropes with perfect accuracy. Well rowed, brave Oxford; well rowed, gallant dark blue oars; steadily you come on to victory, amid the thundering cheers of lord and peasant, churl and noble, fair lady and shrill fish-wife; on, on, now, the goal is near, the winning-post is in sight. Hark to the music of your oars; row on, gallant Oxford, the race is yours. On they came, the shouts of "Oxford, Oxford, well rowed Oxford!" almost drowning the rival cries of "Now, Cambridge, put it on; now you're gaining!"

Among the closely packed crowd of carriages at Mortlake was an open barouche, in which two ladies were seated. The elder was evidently past the prime of life, but there was a sweetness and gentleness in her still handsome face, which would have attracted many eyes even in the presence of younger women. As it was, many glances found their way to the carriage, but they were perhaps directed to its second occupant, a lovely girl in the first bloom of dawning womanhood. Her face was grave, almost sad in expression, and there was that unmistakable look which tells of recent sorrow; but as the shouts came nearer, and the boats were in sight, this expression gave place to one of anxious and excited expectation; her cheek flushed, her eyes sparkled, and for the moment every thought was merged in the issue of the race.

"Oh! mamma, see, there is Paul," exclaimed Maude, for Maude it was; "he is first in the boat."

Sure enough there was Paul's tall form bending with each mighty stroke as he pulled the bow oar of the Oxford eight, his face shaded by his broad straw hat, his lips firmly set, and his eyes fixed on his boat. Gallantly came the dark blue oars to their work, the boat leaped through the water, and every stroke made a perceptible difference in their distance from their rival, whose light blue oars were flying furiously along more than two boats' length astern.

"They will win, they must win!" cried Maude, "how nobly they row away from Cambridge; see, mamma, they are almost at the winning-post."

"My brave Paul!" murmured Mrs. Romaine, "I trust he will not over-do it."

Hark! the gun sounds; amid a storm of cheers the gallant Oxford crew toss their victorious oars high in air; and Cambridge comes in only in time to taste the full mortification of defeat. The great race is over. Then follows the buzz of conversation, the separating of crowds, the harnessing of horses, the popping of corks, and the preparations for



lunch. Fond mothers look longingly towards the spot where the two crews are surrounded by an admiring crowd; sisters talk of their brothers' efforts in the race; and here and there is some fair girl, who though she has "never told her love," yet feels more joy in the success of some one in that gallant boat than words would express were she inclined to make a declaration. Some kind-hearted ladies too, even though of dark blue principles, are sorry for "the poor fellows who are beaten," and are comforted to learn, that the two crews instead of regarding each other with deadly animosity will feast together in the evening, and banish the memory alike of victory and defeat in the genial wine-cup.

When the excitement of the morning was over, and the river had resumed its usual quiet aspect, and when Mrs. Romainé and Maude had driven away from the scene of Paul's triumph, the sad, wan look came back to Maude's face. She whom we have known as the blythe, laughing-eyed little Maude is sadly altered now, and though with a woman's fortitude she keeps her sorrow locked within her breast, and tries hard to maintain a cheerful appearance, yet for all that, the canker is eating at her young heart, and a shadow has fallen across her hitherto bright path since she read Percy Cheyne's first and last love-letter.

You who have known what it is to see your fondest hopes crushed in the bud, to find your cherished dreams, your sunny air-built castles shattered like the gossamer web, which hangs covered with the morning dew and is marred by the first rude hand, or ungentle breeze; you who have "loved not wisely, but too well," you can at least sympathize with our poor little Maude, as she recalled all the pleasant things, the golden pictures, the cloudless future which her dream of love had opened to her eyes, and which were gone now, all gone, and for ever.

Mrs. Romainé did not speak to her daughter on the subject of her sorrow, but the gentle pressure of her hand, and the tender look in her eyes said more than a volume of common-place condolence.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE STRICKEN EAGLE.

THE "merrie month of May," had come round again in Oxford, and the gardens were assuming their summer braveries. Under the sweet-scented chestnut blooms in St. John's Gardens, the nurse-maids sat and gossiped and giggled, as they have ever done, and ever will do till nurse-maids and gossip and laughter shall cease to exist. Under the same trees (though apart of course from the syrens), a few University men, who were too lazy to row, or cricket, or walk, basked at their ease, and read Tennyson or Dickens, or dreamed that they were through the



schools, and that such a thing as "a plough" was a mere phantom of a disordered brain. Here and there a somnolent Don strolled leisurely up and down the paths and looked in a contemplative manner at the flowers, or stopped before a garden seat and eyed it in a sternly argumentative, manner as though it were the audience in St. Mary's assembled to hear his forthcoming Bampton lecture. The gardeners mowed the lawn in a sleepy way, and seemed to have visions of rest and beer, and of lying on their backs bare-headed and thinly clad. All things in fact, animate and inanimate, basked in the warm May sunshine.

Do you wonder what all this fooling has to do with the story? Be not impatient, let me be cheerful while I may; if you read on you will see that I shall be grave enough presently. Whilst the people were dozing and lolling and lounging in St. John's Gardens, ay and in New College Gardens too for that matter, Paul Romainé sat in his rooms at St. Chrysotom's with the window open, and read logic till he wished that Aldrich, and Mansel, and Mill, and the whole race of writers on that inviting subject could be condemned for ever to endure the torment of seeing glorious weather outside, and yet be obliged to stay within and read their own dry pages. Yet Paul read on, though with many a groan at the thought of the delightful cool nooks along the Cherwell, where many a Sybarite was reposing in his punt, with the festive page of the newest novel open before him, and the lazy fish splashing about him, and the insects humming him asleep.

In another room, in Peckwater quad, Christ Church, Frank Challoner was also reading, giving the finishing touches to his work. He looked thin, and pale, and weary, and as he sat turning over the pages of Plato which reposed upon the mighty tome of Liddel and Scott, his head was resting uneasily on his hand, and his eyes were dim and encircled by a dark ring. Frank had been overdoing it; he had determined to go in for classical honours as early as his standing in College permitted, and to do this he had been obliged to work night and day with little cessation. People who have never been to Oxford, who have no idea of work except the transaction of their daily business, or the more laborious pursuits of stone-breaking and the kindred arts, are given to sneer at the hard work of Oxford and other places; but if they were only permitted to see the long weary nights spent in hard, unremitting study, the feverish anxiety, the sickening agony of suspense, which attends many men in the schools, they would, let us hope, be inclined to alter their opinion. Mind I don't say this sort of thing is the rule at Oxford; but there *are* men who struggle through the thorny paths of ambition, reading even to the death.

So these two men read in their rooms at Oxford; and far away at Inglesell little Maude sat in her room by the open window and looked out upon the May landscape. The little cottage garden lay before her bright with simple, sweet-smelling flowers; beyond the meadows and

undulating uplands rose green and fresh, studded here and there with cowslips, and delicate harebells; whilst from the thick recesses of the copse and dingle, and from the woods over Wheatbourne way the thrush sung his clear bell-like roundelay, and was answered by the skylark who, from his invisible choir in the heavens, chanted his hymn to the sunshine. All was bright and cheerful round Inglefell, for Nature is not like man, full of ill-humours and fits of sulkiness (though I confess wintry weather in London reminds one of a sulky temperament); but Maude's face did not brighten at the sight of the flowers, or the sound of the birds, and the echoes of the chiming bells of Alton-in-the-Valley. Her thoughts were far away from Inglefell and its scenes and doings, far away beyond Wheatbourne Woods and Ashly Hill, seeking a friend of ours, whom we saw lately leaving Oxford for ever. Yes, poor Percy Cheyne, though now an outcast in a complete sense of the word, had one sure guardian with him, the love of a pure and virtuous woman; surely as good a shield as one can have in this not over spotless world.

I hope you have not sat in judgment on poor Percy, and condemned him as the Oxford Common Room did; I hope you have not shaken your head and sighed, and cast this young man out of your memory as a black sheep and a reprobate, who is on no account to be admitted into the communion of the faithful. I allow that Percy had belonged to a very disgraceful club at Oxford, a regular assemblage of reprobates, in point of fact; but he was not a reprobate for all that. He had been wild and noisy, I grant you; he had been admonished by the Dean for singing a comic song on the great grass-plot at two o'clock in the morning; and his face was not unfamiliar to the Proctors. I will not say that he was not fond of wine, and of other things besides, which we should not look for within "the studious cloisters pale" of a college; but Percy was free from the mean vices of many a man who, instead of being an outcast, is at this moment the idol of the drawing-room as well as the sworn boon companion of the noisiest revel. Percy was no gamester, no drunkard: his greatest foes never dared to impute a dishonourable or ungentlemanly act to him, or to hint that his word was not as good as truth itself. And yet he was wandering on the face of the earth, ruined as so many young men are at Oxford, and everywhere else, from a want of moral courage. But Maude loved him, and though she never expected to see him again, and knew that his position was compromised, yet she loved him, perhaps better than ever.

Frank Challoner came into Paul's rooms one evening, and said: "Come out on the river for an hour, Romaine; I'm in the schools to-morrow, you know, and I feel awfully shut up."

"You've been grinding too hard, I'm afraid," said Paul, looking at his friend's pale and rather care-worn face; "it's a pity you didn't put off Greats till Christmas."

"It's too late now; my coach has been saying a lot about my over-

doing it ; but how on earth can a man help grinding when he's on the very verge of the schools and doesn't know his work? Come on, let's have a good pull down to Ifley, and get some of the cobwebs out of my brain."

So they went down to Ifley and looked at the lasher foaming away, and stayed till the moon came out over the quaint, tumble-down, old water-mill, and so back to the barges, where the last belated freshman was hurrying along, as the boom of "big Tom" resounded from Christ Church over the otherwise quiet city.

Challoner commenced the ordeal of the schools the next day, and though thoroughly well up in his subjects, yet over-work and nervousness affected him so strongly, that he scarcely did himself justice in the first few papers. Paul saw, with growing anxiety, that Frank looked more worn and fagged every day ; he complained, too, of violent headache, and at one time said he should never be able to go through with the work. Paul, though close upon his own examination, gave up much of his time to his friend, and carried off Challoner as soon as he left the schools each day, and had thrown aside his white tie, and made him row or walk till Hall time. But, at last, Frank was too weak and excited to bear this exercise, and Paul was obliged to row him in a "tub," instead of the out-rigged pair-oar which they had hitherto used, whilst Frank would lie in the stern and steer the boat.

At last he went in for his *viva voce* examination, and was highly complimented by the Examiner. Once Paul, who was in the schools watching him, saw him stop in the middle of an answer, and put his hand to his head. The Examiner asked him if he was ill ; but Challoner only muttered something, and starting up hastily, left the schools. The Examiners looked astonished, and presently sent a messenger to Christ Church to inquire after Mr. Challoner's health. He found him lying insensible, stricken with brain fever, and the surgeon's face was very grave when he told the man that the case was *most* serious.

Paul Romainé was well-nigh distracted by the calamity ; his own examination, for which he had read so hard and on which so much depended, was fast approaching, and yet he could not leave his friend's bedside, nor would his troubled thoughts have suffered him to read had he had the opportunity. Of course the first thing was to telegraph to Challoner's friends at Fairwater, and as Paul walked into the telegraph office, and wrote the few words which were to cause so much sorrow and astonishment—"Frank is dangerously ill ; come at once"—a thought crossed his mind, would Edith come up to nurse her brother? All thoughts of a selfish nature were banished, however, when Paul stood again by Frank's bed. The poor fevered head was tossing about, the high well-developed brow was burning with the cruel fever, which was scorching it, and the eyes, generally so gentle and kindly, were flashing with the fires of delirium. Terrible nonsense it was that poor Challoner talked, and yet wretchedly sad to listen to. The windows of his room

were open, and the soft summer air came in redolent of the country, sweet with the scent of the leaves and the flowers in many a meadow by the quiet river. Peckwater, in which Challoner's rooms were, was unusually quiet; for the story of his sudden illness had got abroad, and all sorts of exaggerations had added new terrors to the sad reality. Some said that Challoner had been promised a "First" by the Examiners, and had dropped down, in the schools, from excitement and over-work. But all knew that he lay there in his rooms terribly stricken down, and the loud laugh was hushed, and the roaring song sank into silence that night. As Paul sat by Frank's side and watched his friend's troubled face, his thoughts were irresistibly drawn to that glorious lament of the poet over another of his gentle brotherhood, who had fallen a victim to his own too ardent thirst for knowledge. He murmured to himself as poor Frank lay quiet for a little—

"Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,  
When Science' self destroyed her favourite son!  
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,  
She sow'd the seeds, but Death has reap'd the fruit.  
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,  
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low,  
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to scar again,  
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.  
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,  
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;  
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest  
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

A terrible dread came over Paul lest Challoner should die before his father or the rest could arrive. The telegram had been sent that evening, and the distance was so great no one could arrive from Fairwater till late on the following night. And so on through the terrible night Paul sat by Frank's bed; he had obtained leave to stay out of College from the Dean, and now he sat there in the dim lamp-light, trying to read, and every moment lifting his eyes to the face of the sufferer. Frank was very quiet through the night; now and then he rolled about, trying to find a cool place for his fevered head, and often he murmured incoherently, sometimes muttering fragments of Greek or Latin which he had been asked in the schools; then he would cry out to the boats as though he were again cheering the Christ Church Eight along the Isis' banks, and anon he talked of Edith, and once, long after the deep tones of Christ Church clock had struck three, Paul heard him speak of Maude several times, tenderly, passionately, yet always regretfully, as of one whom he might not hope to possess, as lost to him yet dearest to him on earth.

"And this man loved my sister, and I never knew it! Fool, blind fool that I have been!" muttered Paul, as he heard Frank babbling

away in this fashion about Maude; "I would to God the day would come; this watching is a terrible work."

He spoke truth: it is a fearful thing to sit hour after hour through the long quiet night which seems positively *endless*, to be painfully acute to the slightest sound or movement, to hear each sigh, each slightest breath of the patient, to start when the ashes drop softly from the grate, or when the wind slightly shakes the window in passing, to be waiting with a feverish anxiety for each striking of the clock, when the quarters seem like hours, and the hours like days; all this is terrible enough.

In the morning the surgeon said there was no hope, but suggested that a physician should be called in. He arrived, and with him came the Dean, and many of the Christ Church Dons, to see their brave scholar who had bartered his life for the honours of Oxford.

"Is there no hope, Doctor ——?" asked the Dean sadly.

"None, sir; the constitution is too far over-wrought to rally; when the lethargy leaves him he will sink rapidly. It is a sad case, he would have been an honour to Oxford," answered the Doctor.

"They say he is sure of his First," said the Dean, "poor young man, I fear he will never hear of his success."

"Doctor ——, how long will he live? surely he will not die without his father or a single relative near him?" asked Paul.

"It is impossible to say," answered the Doctor, "if this lethargy leaves him the rest will be very brief, I fear; I should scarcely think he can survive another night."

But another night passed, and with the morning came Mr. and Mrs. Challoner and Edith. Frank had spoken once during the night, and coherently, the lethargy was gone, but he was evidently sinking fast. When his father bowed his head tearfully over him, and forgot in his great agony all his pride and coldness, self and self-glory were merged in his sorrow and buried out of sight. Frank knew his friends, but he could not say more than a weak word of greeting; they were kneeling round the bed, and Frank's head was supported in Paul's strong arms when he died.

The next days were never forgotten by any of that sad party, days which were doubly mournful from the contrast offered by the happy summer weather, and the happy faces which encountered them at every turn; till one day the great bell of St. Mary's boomed sadly over Oxford, and though in general that sound only conveys the tidings that some member of the University is dead, a matter of interest to a few only; yet in this case, owing to the peculiarity of the circumstances, there were few in Oxford who did not know when they heard that mournful tolling, that Challoner of Christ Church was dead. The Class-list came out at this time; and many a man who read Challoner's name in the First Class, went involuntarily to look at the room where the dead man lay sleeping, and recking not of the poor honours which this world can give us.

When all was over, and when they had left him to his last rest in Holywell Cemetery, Paul Romaine went, sad and despondent, into the schools. All was changed to him now; his two friends, the only friends for whom he cared a straw, were lost to him, and his friend and advocate was gone from among the Challoners; everything seemed strange to him in the schools, and the subjects which he had known thoroughly a little before were like unknown mysteries to him now. The examination ended, however, and Paul, who had been confidently talked of as the safest First in Mods in all St. Chrys'tom's, came out with a Second, and was surprised that he had got so much.

I told you that I should have to be grave presently, I dislike a mournful funeral procession pervading every chapter of a book as much as you can; but unfortunately, if we sit down to describe life as it is we must not have the sunshine always flashing on our pictures, the clouds must gather occasionally, ay, and must out-do the sunshine too, if you want to be a faithful painter, and not a sketcher of fancies. But we will leave Paul for a while, it is best not to intrude where the shadow of the Death-Angel has been so lately; there is another in this history whose fortunes are worth the telling.

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(To be continued.)



## ALL ABOUT A CAKE, OR THE TULLE BABA.

## A SKETCH OF RUSSIAN COUNTRY LIFE.

It was late in the afternoon of a lovely day in the brief summer season of Russia, when the carriage of a noble lady, Anna Federovna of the estate of Jourkofsky in the district of D—, stopped before the door of the Inspector of Police in the small district town. The mansion of this redoubtable individual was constructed of wood, painted of a light gray. It had eight windows with green shutters, looking into the street; and was surmounted by a bright crimson roof with two tall white chimneys, on the summit of each of which stood a weathercock. An old soldier of sinister countenance sat at the door of the house, stitching away at a sheepskin cap. When the great lady's carriage stopped before him, he looked up with a surly expression of countenance; which quickly broke into a servile, repulsive smile, as he hastily stepped forward, opened the door of the carriage, and presented his elbow, which the visitor scarcely touched. The veteran held open the door of the house, with much seeming respect, as the lady collected her rustling garments and marched majestically over the threshold, but meanwhile a knowing wink was exchanged between him and the coachman.

Anna Federovna hastily traversed four rooms; all opening into one another, and exactly alike. They were apartments of noble width and height; and against the glaring white walls on every side were ranged innumerable small spider-legged chairs. In the middle of each room was a round table; and from the midst of each ceiling depended a bird-cage, besides others that hung in the windows. A strong odour of pitch and bad tobacco pervaded the whole place. Nothing daunted by the unsavoury atmosphere, the lady entered a fifth apartment, which was hung with yellow. It contained two easy chairs; and a high-backed sofa with arms akimbo, furnished with a couple of embroidered cushions. From the ceiling hung a cage with a thrush in it: and at either end of the room stood a bow-legged table. On one of these tables lay a huge pair of top-boots; on the other, "The Lives of the Saints," and a Psalm Book. Through the half-open door of a sixth chamber issued clouds of tobacco smoke.

"Friend! old friend!" called out Anna Federovna from the yellow room. "Where are you? Come here! Come here to me!"

"Ah! it is my dear friend who has favoured me with a visit," replied a loud voice. "Welcome! Welcome!" And the Inspector of Police emerged out of the smoke, attired in a gaudy dressing-gown, and

retaining a long pipe in the corner of his mouth. His large prominent blue eyes were keen and severe-looking, and he perpetually rolled them from side to side, as if keeping a suspicious watch upon his myrmidons. His forehead was low and half concealed by thick bushy eyebrows; while a mass of coarse grizzly hair, forcibly combed down on either side, displayed in full relief a narrow head rising high towards the crown. Bright red lips, shaded by a thick black moustache, and occasionally disclosing a double row of strong white teeth, which the Inspector had a habit of grinding hard together whenever he was vexed, completed a countenance by no means too prepossessing. Yet the man could be good-natured and obliging enough with his friends, though he was notably stern and cruel to those beneath him. He pretended to be very fond of birds, which fondness chiefly developed itself in making uncomfortable experiments with them; such as trying how many weeks a dove or love-bird could live without its mate, or how many days a finch or other small creature would remain healthy on water alone, or bread, or one particular kind of seed or worm. He affirmed that birds thrived extremely well in tobacco smoke when once they were used to it. For the rest, the peculiar aversion of this distinguished man was that branch of the human family which claims to be descended from Abraham. A Jew was always offensive in his nostrils; and as a good Christian, he said, he considered it a positive duty to "look sharp" after them. Further, our conscientious friend attended church very regularly, and joined loudly in the responses.

He now marched into the room with a heavy step, and drowned Anna Federovna's voice in his boisterous and voluble welcome: "Ah! my dear friend, how glad I am to see you! Excuse my appearing in my dressing-gown, though in fact I always *am* in a dressing-gown. I even walk out in it of an evening. Welcome! dear friend, you are heartily welcome! Sit down, sit down. What can I offer you? Excuse my top-boots on the table—though they are quite new, and you are no young girl that you need blush at a pair of boots!"

Anna Federovna had come to her friend in his official capacity; she had a complaint to lay before him. She waited impatiently until his eloquence had exhausted itself; then she began in a loud, irritable, trembling voice: "My dear old friend, *if* you are my friend, if you have a divine spark of friendship in you, avenge me. Moses the Jew has deceived me."

The Inspector had listened in calm astonishment until he heard the name of Moses; then he started as if a serpent had bitten him, and without waiting to hear more, called vociferously for Mikilo his servant. That worthy appeared—the same who had sat sewing the sheepskin at the door.

"Order a policeman to bring hither Moses the Jew, alive or dead. Quick!"

Mikilo hesitated, doubting whether he had heard his master aright.

"Moses the Jew, instantly, alive or dead!" reiterated the Police Inspector, stamping with his foot. "Moses! Moses! Tie him hand and foot, and bring him hither, I say, instantly."

Mikilo disappeared. Anna Federovna, seeing the interest she had excited in her friend, began to cry and to tell him how she had been injured. "I will tell you all about it, my friend, I will tell you how Moses—"

"I don't want you to tell me," interrupted he. I know that they are all rogues, and that's enough."

At that instant Moses was dragged in between two policemen. He was a young, handsome man, with black, crisply-curled hair, dark eyes, and a clear, pale face. When he saw Anna Federovna, he grew paler still with fear, and cast an imploring glance at her and the Police Inspector. The latter fixed a malignant, triumphant look on the countenance of the poor Jew, evidently enjoying the agony which he was suffering.

"Well met! betrayer of Christ. I want to have a word with you."

"Of what am I guilty?" murmured Moses.

"Hear him!" exclaimed Anna Federovna. "The wretch—"

The remainder of the sentence was drowned in the powerful voice of the Inspector: "To the police-station with him, instantly."

Moses attempted to speak—to defend himself, but the police were ordered to put their hands on his mouth, and he was hurried away. Outside the house they were met by a sickly-looking woman, the wife of Moses. She uttered a low cry, and threw her arms around him; the police roughly pushed her off, and she nearly fell. With tottering steps she followed her husband along the street, wringing her hands, and weeping bitterly, until one of the policemen was ordered to conduct her home—and so the faithful couple parted.

The Inspector, left alone with Anna Federovna, rubbed his hands exultingly; he felt that he had discharged his conscience, and done a good day's work. "We'll have some tea, my dear friend," he said, ringing a small hand-bell. "We'll have some tea, and send for the priest, and my friend Captain X. and his wife, to join us at a rubber of whist. Excuse the scantiness of the entertainment. 'With what we are happy with that we are rich,' says the proverb. But man does not live by bread alone."

Anna Federovna, however, was not to be persuaded to remain, notwithstanding her friend's pressing invitation. She had her carriage called, and returned home. A week afterwards she set out on a journey, without saying a word to any one. Leaving the explanation of her conduct to a future stage of our narrative, we will briefly follow the fortunes of Moses the Jew.

The day following Moses' imprisonment, his sickly wife became seriously ill. Two days later she was prematurely confined, and in four days more mother and child were laid in the grave. The police

seized upon Moses' deserted house, boarded over the windows, and affixed their seals to the doors. Meanwhile small groups of Jews assembled from time to time in the streets, and now and then agglomerated into something like a crowd; but it was a very timid mob, which the mere sight of a policeman sufficed to disperse. This mob, however, gradually gained more courage, and one day appeared in a large body before the Inspector's house. Many of the faces wore a timid depressed expression, painful to behold, but still they stood their ground. The Inspector threw open the window, and demanded in a loud voice what they wanted, and why they assembled before his residence.

"We want the release of Moses," answered several voices.

The Inspector stamped with rage, broke several panes of glass, and ordered the mob to disperse at once. They disregarded the order, and still faintly clamoured for Moses; some of them even going so far as to declare that they would lay the case before the governor, and seek redress from him. The Inspector made himself invisible; and towards evening the crowd slowly dispersed. But he determined to be revenged for their interference. There was not sufficient evidence to convict Moses of any positive crime or dishonesty; so this excellent chief of police ordered that a strict search should be made on the poor Jew's deserted premises, and contrived that a quantity of smuggled goods should be found there. Moses and several other poor Jews fell into the snare. A long tedious trial ensued, which ended twelve months afterwards in their release. Those who were not totally ruined by this affair, again commenced business. Moses, beggared and broken-hearted, left the town and was never more heard of.

This fatal trouble of the poor Jew originated in a family skirmish, "all about a cake," the particulars of which domestic feud we are about to relate in the following narrative.

Anna Federovna, of the estate of Jourkofsky in the district of D—, had been a widow many years. A young grand-daughter lived with her, the child of her only daughter, who had died within the first year of her marriage. Anna Federovna was short in stature, and had an agreeable countenance, lighted up by kind looking hazel eyes and a pleasant smile. Her manners were affable, and her voice small and rather shrill. Like most ladies of her standing in the country, she was very strict in the observance of the ceremonies of her church; to which regulated piety; her priest averred, she owed the smiling fertility of her fruitful fields and orchards. Whatever might be the reason, it is certain that everything seemed to prosper in her hands. Her house was a picture of comfort and plenty; the walls were lined with cupboards and closets for her numerous stores; chests of drawers, boxes, and large presses, filled every available corner, until it was a perfect puzzle to know what they could contain. The housekeeper's bunches of keys might have unlocked the doors of a respectable country town.

With these advantages ready to her hand, the great ambition of Anna Federovna was to excel all her acquaintances as a good housewife, above all in the article of cookery. She particularly coveted the reputation of giving the best dinners in the neighbourhood, and of turning out the most delicious cakes, jams, jellies, and *crèmes* in the whole district. Her untiring efforts in these respects at length gained for her the enviable distinction of being unrivalled in everything touching the management of a house; especially in the culinary department.

Such a position, once attained, was not to be lightly relinquished; and it was even bruited abroad that this notable lady had once broken off the negotiations for a very advantageous marriage for her daughter, solely because she fancied that the gentleman's mother wanted thereby to come at the receipt for a variegated *crème* which she had often admired. We may just add, in dismissing these apparently, but not really, unimportant details of our story, that matchless as Anna Federovna was considered in the concoction of all table luxuries, her *forte* was the construction of a peculiar sort of cake named the *Baba*, highly valued among the Russians.

This talented lady had a nephew—an orphan, and a rich landed proprietor—who lived about two versts off, on his own estate of Sakofka. He was a dutiful relative, and often turned his horse's head towards Jourkofsky, where he was sure of a hearty welcome. The two distinguishing hobbies of Alixie Petrovitch were horses and rings. Of the former he possessed a great variety, black, white, bay, gray, and even piebald—seldom being seen twice together on the same horse. As for his rings, they were innumerable, and displayed every variety of form and setting. Among them were to be noticed anchors, crosses, serpents, forget-me-nots, hearts, padlocks, chains; in short a curious medley that filled no less than twenty-two small boxes. With all this nonsense and foppery, Alixie was a manly looking young fellow; and his merry ways and cheerful disposition, together with a marked predilection for jam and cakes, made him a great favourite with his aunt and her household.

But a change came over Alixie Petrovitch. He grew irregular in his visits, his cheerful spirits disappeared, and he showed himself singularly indifferent to the jam and cakes. A short time afterwards, Anna Federovna observed that he was growing a mustache. "What is all that hair on your upper lip, Alixie?" she inquired somewhat sarcastically.

Her nephew was secretly pleased at her notice of the budding ornament. He assumed, however, a tone of indifference, and casting his eyes listlessly towards the ceiling, answered carelessly, "Oh, I don't know!"

"You were handsome enough without it, Alixie; shave it off. There is no necessity for you to wear a mustache, you are not a military man."

"Impossible to appear without a mustache, aunt. I ride a great deal and am fond of hunting. No, I cannot shave it off."

"Ah! Alixie, you are trying to please some young lady. The silly creatures always like what is new and useless."

Alixie blushed. "I let my mustache grow without thinking of it," he faltered.

"That is not true," said his aunt, smiling. "I perceive a new ring on your finger. No, don't endeavour to hide it, I saw it quite plainly. Show it me, Alixie."

But Alixie had seized his hat, and was off without another word. Some time elapsed, and he did not repeat his visit. His aunt sent to inquire after him. He was from home.

On his next appearance he was greatly changed. He had lost all his fresh colour, was melancholy and absorbed in reverie, wore not a single ring on his attenuated fingers, refused the tempting delicacies spread before him, and to all his aunt's tender inquiries replied doggedly that there was nothing the matter with him. Again he absented himself for a considerable period, and again, on servants being sent in quest of him, was declared to be "not at home."

This could not last very long; a crisis came at last. After one of his prolonged absences, Alixie paid a visit to his aunt, looking perfectly radiant, with another new ring on his finger. He was betrothed.

The lady was the only daughter of a rich widow named Toortchenkoff, who lived in a large mansion built of stone, in the district of N—. Madame Toortchenkoff possessed a carriage and droschky, and was devotedly attached to the beautiful Glafira Ivanovna, her daughter. Alixie Petrovitch was hoping very shortly to marry and bring home his rich and lovely bride.

"God grant it may be so!" remarked Anna Federovna to her granddaughter. "We'll dance at his wedding." She sent the *fiancée* a small silver gilt image, and received in return a very elegant letter of thanks from the young lady and her mother.

The marriage was arranged to take place after Trinity. The ladies of the neighbourhood, married and unmarried, looked forward with impatience to the pleasant parties they expected to enjoy, at the house of the young couple. All went well with Alixie, and his love affair. Congratulations poured in from every side, and wishes that his happiness might endure throughout eternity. Once only a slight cloud disturbed the serenity of the social atmosphere. Alixie returned a ring to a young lady to whom he had formerly been attached. Her answer was a bullet. This troubled Alixie, and he consulted his aunt as to what notice he ought to take of the covert threat.

"Pooh! Nonsense!" said Anna Federovna. "Take *no* notice, and throw it away."

Her nephew did so. Nothing further was heard concerning the bullet; and the belligerent young lady herself was among the first to call upon the newly-married couple.

Before the happy event took place, however, an acquaintance of



Anna Federovna's paid her a visit, a gentleman from N—, the neighbourhood of the widow Toortchenkoff.

"Ah! my good lady, Anna Federovna," said he, on entering the saloon where she sat, "we shall now vie with you. Look after your fame, take care lest it slip through your fingers. The lady who is about to enter your family is no inexperienced housewife, but the eighth wonder of the world!"

The widow took the alarm at once, and evidently began to sit uneasily in her chair. She eagerly questioned her visitor upon her new niece's abilities; but the answers that he gave only tended to increase her anxiety.

"The young lady is not to be equalled in making the *baba*," he remarked, "especially one kind, the pine-apple *baba*. It has the very flavour of the pine-apple."

"I know the taste of the pine-apple quite well," interrupted Anna Federovna stiffly.

"If," he continued, without noticing the interruption, "if you were to shut your eyes, and any one were to put a bit of this *baba* into your mouth, and ask you what it was, you would instantly say pine-apple!"

"Hum!" responded Anna Federovna.

"Well, you will see for yourself, and then you will remember my words. But there is another *baba*, which she makes to perfection, so light and transparent, just like *tulle*, in fact a real *tulle baba*. Ah! Anna Federovna," sighed he, "it is not a stupid old fellow like me that can describe this exquisite confection; you will soon be able to judge of its merits for yourself."

The gossiping old gentleman remained to dinner. He laughed and joked over the viands, praised the swets, related many amusing anecdotes, and did his very best to dispel the increasing gloom that spread itself over Anna Federovna's usually pleasant countenance. It was of no avail.

"Why are you so pensive, my good friend?" at length he inquired.

"I was thinking, my good sir," she replied rather sarcastically, "how it is that you never *think* of anything?"

"I never think, because thinking never does me any good. It only makes me appear older. When any of my friends meet me, they exclaim, 'How young you look!' Now\* if I were occupied with thought—"

"We all ought to think of our souls," replied Anna Federovna.

"The *tulle baba* has vexed her," said her visitor to himself.

The day came for the marriage of Alixie and Glafira, and they were expected home in a week. Anna Federovna heard the news, and grew pale. Her grand-daughter ventured to rejoice at the near prospect of marriage festivities, and was reprimanded for her vanity and love of pleasure. At length the newly-married couple announced their arrival at Alixie's estate of Sakofka, and their intention of paying their aunt

an early visit. This threw the old lady into a perfect fever of excitement; she dressed in her best, and bustled hither and thither, at the same time scolding her grand-daughter for not sitting still.

The young people arrived: Alixie radiant with joy and pride; and his bride—Anna Federovna could not help confessing to herself that she had never seen a lovelier creature. Glafira Ivanovna was tall and blooming, her dark hair lay in thick waves on her white temples, her hazel eyes sparkled with health and innocent merriment. She advanced with great cordiality of manner to meet her new aunt; and Anna Federovna was almost won over by her grace and beauty, but the remembrance of the *baba* dispelled the rising inclination; and the old lady grew colder and sterner in her manner every moment.

"Your aunt pleases me very much, Alixie," said Glafira, as they returned home. "That is, she would please me if she were not so cold and gloomy. Is she always so?"

"Gloomy!" said Alixie, who had been blind and deaf to everything but the charming manners of his wife. "Gloomy! she is very cheerful. It must have been your fancy, Glafira."

"My dear! As if I were a child, to fancy things! All I can say is, Alixie, that she looked as if she had just returned from a funeral, and was always glancing here and there, much as if she expected a fire to break out!"

The house at Sakofka was large, and pleasantly situated on the side of a hill. The windows of the principal saloon opened on a pretty garden full of roses, acacias, lilacs, and other blossoming shrubs. Here Anna Federovna was seated one morning, on her return visit to Alixie and his bride. The young wife was still more charming at home than abroad. Lively and playful as a kitten, she was one moment running in the garden with Varinka, the young grand-daughter, and the next singing a sprightly song to her new piano, or playing a grand old march on the organ. Alixie Petrovitch looked supremely happy; he would scarcely suffer his young wife out of his sight an instant, but kept calling her back to kiss her hand.

"Do cease such folly, Alixie," she would say with a toss of her handsome head. "How this continual kissing wearies me! Remember your promise."

"There, aunt," retorted Alixie, "do you hear the little hypocrite? *She* promised *me* that if I would refrain from kissing her hand a hundred times one hour, I should kiss it a thousand times the next!"

Anna Federovna made no reply. She sat with a gloomy countenance, her eyes fixed on the ground, apparently unconscious of all that was passing around her.

"What is the matter with you, aunt?" asked Alixie, roused at length by the peculiarity of the old lady's manner.

"When you have lived as long as I have, you will know, Alixie," said Anna Federovna very solemnly.

The young people looked at each other compassionately, then simultaneously approaching the old lady, asked if she felt unwell.

"Quite well," was the reply.

"Then why are you not more cheerful?"

"How can I, in my old age, be as cheerful as you young people? There was a time when I too was merry, but that is all past. There is nothing left for me but to make way for the new comers."

At dinner Anna Federovna seemed to taste pine-apple in every dish. She had determined in her own mind to make no remark upon anything; but curiosity conquered. "Have you a new cook, Alixie?" she inquired.

"No, aunt, the same that I had before."

"Your dinner is better cooked than it used to be," was the old lady's next remark, extorted as it were against her will.

"I have a new housekeeper," said Alixie proudly, pointing to his wife.

Glafira smiled.

"Ah! aunt," went on Alixie, "what a housekeeper! You and she may shake hands any day. What cakes she can make! What was that cake you made yesterday, Glafira? Tell my aunt all about it."

"No, do not trouble yourself to tell me, Glafira Ivanovna," murmured the old lady bitterly. She felt as though cold steel pierced her heart.

Time passed on, and it was the season for pickling and preserving. In every country mansion the *barinas* were in their glory. Troops of hand-maidens attended the commands of their mistresses; the huge copper and earthen pans were brought out, scoured and polished; syrups and fruits simmered in every stove. This had always been the pleasantest part of the year to the lady of Jourkofsky, but how was the scene changed! Nothing gave her satisfaction; and the pickles and preserves were locked up in the spacious store-rooms without even being tasted.

It was a gloomy time for young Varinka, and boded ill for her future. Anna Federovna had formerly looked forward with delight to the prospect of her grand-daughter's marriage, but her views were changed.

"Sorrow comes in many guises," she would say sententiously. "One way or another it visits us all. Better be without marriage."

She declined visiting, and ceased to celebrate birthdays or holidays. The neighbourhood began to talk, as charitably as most neighbourhoods do.

Meanwhile, Sakofka and its inmates were in their glory. Glafira Ivanovna, as merry as a lark, commenced her preparations for the necessities of the winter, when scarcity must be warded off by the prevision of the clever housewife. She set her husband to clean and prepare the mushrooms for pickling, to stone the cherries, and pick the fruit for preserving, and he, docile as a lamb, obeyed. He cut round

pieces of paper to cover the jam, watched it boil, and tasted it occasionally. If by chance he knocked over a cup of syrup in his officious zeal, or broke a jar, his punishment was sure. A pinch of the ear from his lively wife brought him to his senses, or he was mischievously promised the reward of a gold medal for his services.

Weeks elapsed, and Anna Federovna had not called again. "Your aunt has evidently no wish to visit us," remarked Glafira, one day.

"What can be the reason? I cannot understand it," said Alixie.

"Nor I," said his wife. "Nevertheless, I think we ought to go and see her, Alixie."

They went, and were so decidedly repulsed, that all intercourse ceased between the two estates. The neighbourhood took up the quarrel. Some sided with the old lady, others with the young couple. The supporters of the latter were in the minority at first; for a report spread that Glafira Ivanovna had offended Anna Federovna by speaking disrespectfully of the neighbourhood.

"All praise to the old lady!" said her partisans.

"She sustains the honour of our neighbourhood."

"I am glad she has shown so much courage."

"Yes," remarked a young lady, "you may imagine how she would silence that proud beauty."

At which speech all the ladies and gentlemen laughed heartily.

"Ah!" said the ladies with one voice, "this is the beauty whom all you gentlemen admired so much!"

The culprits looked abashed, changed the conversation, and tried to efface the remembrance of their error by redoubled attention to the legitimate objects of their admiration.

Easter drew near, a time of immense festivity and merriment among genuine Russian families, and causing great excitement by the preparations that are made for its celebration. Good housekeepers buy their flour in the carnival week, that it may be light and dry for use. The procuring of this flour is always a matter of great trouble and anxiety; on the occasion in question, it caused real misfortune to several honest traders. *How*, the reader shall hear.

Two of the largest flour-dealer's shops in the district town of D— happened to be closed. One had been ruined by a fire; the other, kept by a Jew whose parent had been removed by death, was shut up for a time in accordance with the requirements of the Jewish religion. What a period of suspense and agitation for the fair rival housewives of the neighbouring estates! They were positively ill with impatience and disappointment. Every day the road to town was literally lined with vehicles of every description, all despatched for the one purpose of seeking flour for the Easter *babas*.

Anna Federovna, making a last desperate effort to maintain her unstable position, had cunningly hired a small house in town at the commencement of the carnival, in which she had established herself for

the purpose of watching the flour-market. Meanwhile, she divided her time between attending the services of the Greek church, and visiting a particular friend, an Inspector in the police force. The third week in Lent, the shop of Moses the Jew was opened, and instantly besieged by a crowd of customers. Then ensued a scene of great confusion; a chaos of high shrill voices and fierce gesticulations. Country ladies and their chief domestics were hustled by professional people; prices rose, and all the flour in the shop was bought up in a single day. When it was brought home, however, and examined, it proved to be bad and useless. No one could imagine how this had happened. The flour had been tasted in the shop, thrown up in the air to test its dryness; still here it was, moist and bad, utterly unfit for the Easter *babas*. The thought of having been cheated by a Jew, roused the indignation of all the *barinas*; they ordered their carriages, and set out in a body, determined to wreak vengeance upon Moses. He assumed an expression of blank astonishment, declared himself innocent of the charge brought against him, called God to witness how honestly he had always dealt with them, and reminded them of the many proofs of confidence they had given him. Yet after all this, he had to confess that he was a perjured rascal; having been prevailed upon by a large bribe to part with all his best flour early in the morning before the shop opened, retaining only a few samples wherewith to cheat his customers. The name of the person who had bribed him could not long be concealed; it was Anna Federovna. This announcement fell like a bomb among the excited housewives, and instantly turned the tide of wrath against that unscrupulous schemer. Glafira Ivanovna was almost livid with rage. She had an instinctive feeling that this transaction had been more especially directed against herself. Her indignation reached its climax when she was told that her aunt had not only bought up Moses's good flour, but all the best flour in the neighbourhood. She cried bitterly the whole day; while every one else was perplexed to imagine what Anna Federovna could want with so much flour.

The mystery was at length solved, but in a way that added insult to the injuries of Alixie's wife. All the ladies of the neighbourhood, save only Glafira, went over to the estate of Jourkofsky to reproach the widow with her unkind stratagem about the flour. They returned smiling and mollified, each *barina* with as much flour as she could possibly require. The old lady excused herself for her conduct by declaring that she had merely bought the flour because it was good, on the principle that one cannot have too much of a good thing, and that the ladies her neighbours were quite welcome to as much as they wanted. Thus the whole district, with the exception of Glafira Ivanovna, was supplied with excellent flour from the stores of the wily capitalist, Anna Federovna.

Alixie Petrovitch was greatly annoyed. On his wife the conduct of her husband's aunt began to produce a contrary effect. She regained her usual spirits, and acted with energy and determination. First of all

she despatched a special messenger to her mother, with a letter relating at length all that had occurred, and the evident conspiracy to ruin her Easter preparations, and concluding with a request for some good flour, and her parent's best advice as to how she should act under the circumstances. Glafira then summoned her housekeeper to a long private conference; which ended in that experienced female being sent off post-haste to a town at some considerable distance from the district of D—. "Drive for your life," said Glafira Ivanovna, "and mind that you do not return without a supply of first-rate flour. If you succeed, you shall have ten roubles on your return, your freedom, or whatever else you choose to ask. Only mind you bring me the flour, or I will hire you out to a frightful distance, and never see your face again." The housekeeper, accordingly set out full speed in a carriage with four horses attached, the coachman drove as though he feared the knout, and all to bring home a bag of unexceptionable farina. Nor did Glafira's docile spouse find himself unemployed upon this momentous occasion. Alixie was despatched on his swiftest horse to Moses the Jew, and had *carte blanche* to promise any price for good flour that the man chose to ask. Thus the clever young housewife hoped to conquer fate, and the malice of Anna Federovna.

Long and wearying was her suspense. The fourth week of Lent elapsed, and no flour had arrived. The fifth week dawned—day after day crept slowly by. On the Thursday, Moses came with a small supply of the priceless article. On the Saturday, the messenger returned from Madame Toortchenkoff, likewise with flour. He brought a letter to say that it was very good, but damp, and must be dried well before using. If, after all, the *baba* did not turn out perfection, Glafira was to shut up house and spend the Easter with her mother, rather than risk her reputation as a cook. The very same day the housekeeper likewise returned in her coach and four, with a large bag of flour on the opposite seat. There was now an abundance, but with this drawback, that it was all alike damp. Glafira with her own fair hands spread it to dry, turned it, watched it with great anxiety and many tears. Meanwhile Alixie Petrovitch was looking quite ill and nervous, after all these vexations. He silently kissed his wife's hands, when they were not buried in flour; and perceiving a gleam of hope on her countenance, busied himself in constructing paper forms in which to bake the *baba*.

Passion-week is especially ordained by the Greek Church to be kept holy. Sinful and unruly passions are to be suppressed, and the mind must be kept free from the anxiety and agitation of worldly affairs. The very house-spirit ceases his mischievous tricks during this holy time. The wax-tapers are increased round the images of the saints, whose gloomy faces grow pale in the flickering flame of the dull lights. At every failure of duty, a new prayer must be repeated, and a taper added to those round some favourite saint, whose intercession is ardently invoked.



If this season of the year, under ordinary circumstances, is difficult to keep holy, how hard must the attempt have been under the irritation of the petty, but tumultuous feelings which agitated the inmates of the two estates of Jourkofsky and Sakofka, during the eventful year.

Anna Federovna feigned illness, and remained at home. Report averred that she spent most of her time in a dark room, lighted only by a single lamp, suspended before the images. She was nervous and melancholy, the slightest voice startled her, and a knock at the door seemed to paralyse her with a vague fear. Many were the prayers she and Glafira must have repeated, if failure of duty were strictly observed.

Easter Sunday is said to be invariably fine. This year it was remarkably so. There was a sweet mildness in the weather, peculiar to the Russian spring. The air was impregnated with the perfume of the budding birch; water rippled in streamlets down the banks; small fleecy clouds flitted across the azure sky. The sun shone with a peculiar brightness, giving forth just sufficient heat to be pleasant and vivifying, without forcing the wayfarer to seek the shade. It peeped through the windows of the principal saloon at Sakofka, and shed its rays over the ample preparations made to greet the *fête* which it was gladdening with its presence.

In the middle of this room was a long table, covered with a cloth of the finest damask, and glittering with cut glass and silver. A splendid cold collation filled up every vacant space; roasted game, sausages, ham, cheese; a whole lamb roasted, with a branch of myrtle in its mouth; a lamb made of butter, holding a blue flag; hard-boiled coloured eggs; different kinds of sweet *crêmes*; wines of every description; cherry, raspberry, and other brandies. These were interspersed with jam and bonbons on glass stands, and small cakes of every possible variety; while bouquets of flowers and green leaves in silver vases, gave a look of elegance to the whole. But the crowning splendour of the table was the noble *baba* that stood in the centre, towering majestically over the smaller attractions. This *baba* was of a fine delicate yellow, round in shape, nearly three-quarters of a yard in height, yet so exceedingly light, that it did not weigh more than a pound. When it was cut into, its texture was like that of a honey-comb, or rather like fine *tulle*, and its taste was sweet and aromatic. It was the famous *tulle baba*!

Such was the description given by a lady, in a letter to a friend, of the festive board round which Glafira Ivanovna, elegantly attired in pink silk, promenaded with great delight, leaning on the arm of her devoted husband. The young couple were as merry and happy as possible, and appeared as though they could never be tired of gazing at the glorious centre cake.

"Oh, Alixie," said Glafira, "you cannot comprehend the agonies through which I have passed! When I put that *baba* in the oven, I fell on my knees, and felt as if I could not survive its failure. I could not rise until it was baked."

"And how well it has turned out, Glafira! Come here! look at it from this side. Now survey it from the end of the room."

They viewed it on all sides, from the next room, from the window, then from the other corner. And now visitors began to drop in with the customary congratulations. In accordance with Russian *etiquette*, this first day they were all gentlemen. Every one exclaimed with delight at the sight of the *baba*. Some connoisseurs advanced towards the table, then receded, the better to catch the effect. Others sat afar off with their heads resting on their hands, apparently too much overpowered to speak. "Wonderful!" "Marvellous!" "Astonishing!" was ejaculated from time to time. Compliments flowed in upon Glafira Ivanovna; she was called an angel, a rose, a Sultana. One gentleman of oriental tendencies, loudly pronounced her to be a *hourî*! Alixie had his share of the universal gratulations. "You are a happy fellow," said they to him. "What a treasure of a wife you have! We don't see why you should be distinguished by so much happiness!"

Long after all were asleep at Sakofka, tired with the labours and triumphs of the day, the neighbouring ladies were still conversing in small groups at the different houses, marvelling what the wondrous *baba*, of which their husbands had given them fifty glowing descriptions, could possibly be like. "Men are so easily duped," they said to one another, "the idiots make such a fuss about nothing. They always take a fly for an elephant. Very likely this miraculous *baba* scarcely deserves notice."

The next day all distinctions of rank, wealth, age, were forgotten. The oldest and richest inhabitants are usually the first to be visited on these formal occasions, but at present the youthful lady of Sakofka and her wonderful *baba* were the magnets that attracted all beholders. Her gates were besieged by vehicles of every description, and the principal saloon was constantly crowded with curious visitors. But a very few strong-minded ladies resisted the force of the current, and remained quietly at home.

You are not to suppose that her own sex endeavoured to indemnify Glafira for the trouble and pains she had taken to astonish them. To judge by their calm, composed faces when they entered the saloon, and came within sight of the wonderful concoction on the table, there was no *baba* in existence! They took their seats quietly and carelessly, and talked of everything but the real object of their visit, until at length one lady appeared suddenly to make the discovery.

"You have a fine *baba*, Glafira Ivanovna," she said in an indifferent tone of voice.

"I confess," observed another visitor, "I am no housewife. I cannot sacrifice myself to the kitchen; my time is more agreeably spent in reading."

While this was going on, the others were glancing at the *baba* with half-closed eyes, seeming to wonder what all the fuss was about. The

conversation speedily turned upon other topics, the little occurrences of the past week, the last new patterns in embroidery and so forth. The *tulle baba* was apparently as much forgotten as if it had never existed. Glafira could not altogether repress a smile of triumph as she looked round upon her visitors. She knew the worth of the exquisite confection in the midst of the table, and well understood what a storm was gathering in each feminine breast beneath those calm exteriors.

While the conversation was still "dragging its listless length along," a stray gentleman was announced; the same elderly gossip who had, as the reader will remember, first attacked Anna Federovna's peace of mind by his unwelcome eulogium on her new niece's abilities for housewifery. As he was entering the saloon, he paused abruptly within the doorway, and enacted an ecstasy of admiration at the *baba* in the distance; then skipping gaily forward, kissed Glafira's white hand, and bowed to the semicircle of ladies.

"I heard of the trouble you had about the flour, Glafira Ivanovna," he said; "but I felt sure you would triumph. I knew you too well to believe that petty intrigue could vanquish you. Ha! ha! I was right, was I not? You *have* triumphed, and gloriously!"

Glafira smiled graciously, and began to do the honours of the table. The lady visitors glanced meaningly at one another, and one of them said: "How is your health, Peter Demetrich?"

The gay gentleman accepted a slice of the *baba* and replied not. His whole attention was occupied by the flavour of the peerless comestible; and between each mouthful the words, "Incomparable! Charming! Delicious!" glided breathlessly from his lips.

At length he came to a pause. "You have given some one a deadly blow with your *baba*," said he.

"Whom?" asked Glafira smiling.

The ladies blushed scarlet. "Oh! oh! to whom?" was echoed on all sides, as they eagerly surrounded Peter Demetrich, and pressed him to tell whom he hinted at.

"I mean no one present," he replied.

"But that is no answer. Do speak more clearly," persisted they. "Do tell us whom you mean."

Peter Demetrich was delighted by the commotion he had raised among these country belles. He tantalized them a little longer.

"Can you keep a secret?" he said; "but no! you will betray me. I had better not tell you."

"What an opinion you must have of us! How can you doubt our word!" said they, indignantly.

Peter Demetrich could no longer refrain. The blow has been given to Anna Federovna Jourkofsky," said he, in a grave, measured tone of voice. "There is no use in disguising the matter."

Glafira became pale.

"Tell us all about it, let us hear the whole affair," said the ladies,

crowding closer round Peter Demetrich. "Sit down, do." And they led him to a seat.

Peter Demetrich coughed thrice, flourished a white silk pocket-handkerchief, and began his story: "About three weeks before Glafira Ivanovna's marriage, business obliged me to visit this neighbourhood. I called to see Anna Federovna. You know what a good housewife she is, what a passion she has for making cakes."

The ladies smiled.

"I told her," continued the gossip, "that her future niece made cakes such as have never been equalled in this world. Anna Federovna disputed the fact. To convince her, I described them; and asked her if she knew what a *tulle baba* was. Whereupon she suddenly screamed out: 'Water! give me some water! I am dying!' I was quite alarmed; water was brought, and thrown over her. Salts were applied to her nostrils, and with much difficulty she recovered. Nevertheless, making a strong effort to conquer her feelings, she pressed me to stay dinner. I did so, but her melancholy countenance entirely destroyed my appetite and I left her house as hungry as I entered it. Since then my time has been entirely occupied with business. I have been driving about the country, and did not return home until the fourth week in Lent, when I heard of nothing but Glafira Ivanovna's misfortune about the flour. I should have been here long ago, but for the bad state of the roads in this district. As soon as they were in travelling condition I set out; and so anxious have I been to ascertain how you had succeeded, that I have passed the houses of my own relations to see you first. On my way here, I called upon Anna Federovna. I first took a survey of the exterior of the house, resolving that the outward aspect should determine my call."

"How so?" asked some of the ladies.

"In this way," replied the gossip. "A glance at the house would suffice to inform me whether the *babas* had succeeded or not. If successful, Anna Federovna would be seated at the window; the servants, smartly dressed, would be bustling in and out; the very dogs would be barking cheerfully in the yard. If unsuccessful, the place would have appeared deserted, the dogs would have been skulking in their kennels, the servants looking dull, the house doors closed, and the mistress unwell."

"Ah! Peter Demetrich, what nonsense," exclaimed several of his fair auditors.

"Judging after the standard referred to," continued the narrator, "the *babas* had succeeded. The exterior aspect of the mansion was bright. I entered. Two canary-birds sang merrily in their cages. A long table, covered with the finest and whitest of cloths, stood in the middle of the saloon, crowded with nearly every imaginable delicacy, intermixed with *babas* of various sizes. Anna Federovna, elegantly dressed in purple satin, met me with smiles, and helped me most heartily

to refreshments. In the course of conversation I happened to say: 'How are your relatives at Sakofka. How has Glafira Ivanovna succeeded with her famous *baba*?' It was an unfortunate question. Her smiles, doubtless painfully assumed for the occasion, vanished, and gave place to the most horrible expression of countenance I have ever seen. I thought she would have killed me."

"What did she say?" asked Glafira, suppressing her emotion.

"I cannot tell you," replied Peter Demetrich.

"Oh! do, *do*!" exclaimed the ladies with one voice. "Tell us all, all!"

"Well, if you *will* have it!" said the gossip. "But I tell you beforehand that you will be dreadfully shocked."

"Never mind! We will hear it. Go on!"

"Drawing gradually nearer and nearer, as though we were brother thieves—"

"Yes, yes, go on!"

"She came close to me, and hissed into my ear: 'May your life be miserable throughout eternity!' 'Whose life?' said I, starting, and facing her. 'Oh! nothing,' said she, recovering herself. 'I knocked myself against the table, and my words were meant for it. The devil tempted me,' and she crossed herself and repeated a prayer."

The ladies looked at one another, and rose in a body. "We must be going," said they.

"Let us all call upon Anna Federovna," observed a spirited lady. "Let us go as if we had heard nothing, and do you, Glafira Ivanovna, go with us. It would be so amusing! Do come!"

Glafira promised. "When my husband returns," she said.

"Come after us then, and we will wait for you there."

Left alone with Peter Demetrich, Glafira rose, and paced the room. He followed, and offered her his arm.

"What chatterboxes those ladies are!" he said, "and as venomous as serpents."

Glafira made no answer, but continued to pace the room, brooding gloomily over what he had told her.

"Don't you think they are very venomous?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," replied she absently.

"If I were to tell you all, Glafira Ivanovna, you would say so. Madame Slovchefsky declared the other day that you were not at all pretty; that one of your eyes was smaller than the other, and that you had recourse to art to hide it."

Glafira blushed scarlet, stopped short, and said vehemently, "Madame Slovchefsky is a liar."

"She told a large company that your face is covered with great sun-freckles, and that you cannot live without cosmetics. And, would you believe it, even in our neighbourhood, we began to give credit to all this? Of course, here it would be entirely believed."

"Ill-natured reports always are believed," said his irritated listener.

Peter Demetrich took leave, and drove off in his droschky, smiling to himself. As the malicious gossip declared to the first friends he met, he left Glafira Ivanovna "with more than one arrow in her heart."

That lady summoned her maid, changed her dress for a drive, put on a neat pair of boots, and cast many a glance at her pretty little foot, and many another at herself in the mirror. Then she sat down opposite the *tulle baba*, and awaited her husband's return. He came at last, merry and happy.

"I have seen all the *babas*," he called out as he alighted at the door. "They are all insignificant things from first to last. My aunt's is the only one I have not seen. It is doubtless no better than the rest."

Glafira told him all that she had heard from Peter Demetrich concerning their aunt and Madame Slovchefsky. He was highly indignant.

"The envious old witches! I'll pay them off for it. I am not going to stand this sort of work any longer, Glafira." And he cast a look of tenderness at his injured wife.

"Let us go and call upon your aunt, Alixie," said she.

Alixie was not very willing to do this. "To what purpose?" he inquired bitterly. "Only to be rendered more unhappy by these petty jealousies. Far better remain at home."

"I wish it," said Glafira in her pretty imperious tones.

The carriage was announced, and they drove off. Not a word was spoken on the way. When they arrived at Jourkofsky, a great number of carriages stood at the door. The saloon was full of ladies waiting for the arrival of Glafira Ivanovna. She advanced up the saloon, leaning on her husband's arm. A faint sickly feeling came over her, and prevented her from discerning any one. Anna Federovna had advanced to meet her, and she felt her lips cold as ice upon her cheek. The old lady attempted to speak, but could only manage a hoarse whisper. Glafira Ivanovna tried to reply, but a choking in the throat prevented her.

"We have been so well received," whispered the ladies. "Anna Federovna laughed and joked with us, until we happened to mention your *tulle baba*; then her countenance changed so much, that we were quite alarmed. You entered, and she almost lost all self-possession."

Anna Federovna handed refreshments to her niece, but neither of them spoke. The ladies sat silently round, waiting to see what would come of it. They lengthened their visit, smiled and chatted—the aunt and niece did not heed them in the least. Neither hints nor innuendoes succeeded in bringing about the desired explosion. Evening drew on; Anna Federovna pleaded a violent headache, and the visitors withdrew, secretly much disappointed that nothing had happened.

Glafira Ivanovna and Alixie Petrovitch rose betimes the next morning. Neither had slept; they looked weary and harassed.

"Do you think she will come to-day?" asked Glafira.

Alixie thought not. "Why should she come?" he asked. "What



pleasure could she find in her visit? No one in her position would come."

"I certainly should," replied his wife. "And so will she; mark my words, Alixie."

"Oh, when will all this unpleasantness end?" sighed Alixie.

It was about six in the morning. Glafira sat in the window, watching the dawning daylight spread over the horizon. The air was raw and chill; she shivered slightly. A large red cock, of a peculiar breed, flapped his wings and began to crow before the window. White geese floated on the river, with their heads beneath their wings. On the other side of the water lay the village, just waking up to the labours of the day. Smoke curled from the chimneys, voices were heard in the distance, together with the cackling of fowls, and the rumbling of cart-wheels. The people went in and out of their white cottages; some stood talking, others hastened along the road; the whole place was speedily in motion. Glafira Ivanovna still sat at the window, Alixie paced the room, and the hours sped along. Early in the afternoon Anna Federovna's carriage was seen coming down the brow of the hill, on the other side of the river. Glafira started up and flew to her husband. "She is coming, Alixie; she is coming! I knew she would."

"Well, Glafira," said he in a resigned voice, "if she is coming, what then?"

"We will go to meet her at the door, Alixie; we will be very amiable to her. Let us appear quite at our ease; it will not do to show any agitation."

The young wife hurried to the table, to see that all was right. She touched up the bouquets, and changed the position of some of the dishes. Just as she had turned the *tulle baba*, so as to conceal the broken side, Anna Federovna drove up to the door. Glafira hurried out with burning cheeks, and offered a cordial embrace. Alixie stood behind, waiting for his turn. The old lady sat down, and fixed her eyes upon that Medusa of her thoughts, the dreaded *tulle baba*. Glafira began to talk cheerfully on trifling topics, such as the holidays and the state of the weather. Her aunt did not appear to hear her, her eyes were still fixed upon the *tulle baba*. She appeared to be illustrating the ancient fable, and literally turning into stone. Alixie assisted in doing the honours of the table, and brought his aunt a piece of the *baba*. She took the plate with a trembling hand, and held it some time before she attempted to eat. When the last morsel had disappeared, Glafira took the empty plate.

"How does the *baba* please you, aunt?" she inquired carelessly.

No answer came from the rigid lips before her. Anna Federovna remained mute as a statue, her eyes now bent on the ground. Glafira Ivanovna was of a generous and forgiving disposition; her eyes filled with tears, she felt pity for that aged statue of envy and jealousy. She looked imploringly at her husband; they drew their chairs on each side of Anna Federovna, and took her hands in theirs.

"What is it that vexes you so much, Anna?" inquired Alixie tenderly.

"We are so very sorry," said Glafira.

Anna Federovna violently withdrew her hands, and rose from her seat. "There is nothing to be sorry for," she said. She strode down the saloon, out into the hall, and called loudly for her carriage. It drew up to the door, she instantly jumped in, and ordered the coachman to drive to town. The old servant, fancying that his mistress had made some mistake, or that he had not heard aright, turned his horses' heads towards Jourkofsky.

"To town, you fool, you blockhead," vociferated Anna Federovna, leaning out of the window. "Did you not hear me?—to town, I say!"

A group of peasants, passing by at the moment, observed to one another, "The *barina* is in one of her tantrums!"

The word which we have translated "tantrum" is totally inefficient to describe the malignancy of the passion that desolated the bosom of the once respectable and respected, steady and consistent relative of Alixie Petrovitch. She burned with an intense desire to wreak her vengeance on some one. The Jew Moses appeared the fittest target for her envenomed arrows; she nourished a deep grudge against that unlucky descendant of Abraham for having, notwithstanding the repeated promises to the contrary which she had extorted from him, supplied her rival with some tolerable flour. As we have already seen, the furious old lady drove post-haste to the Inspector of the Police, and her half-uttered accusation against the poor Israelite was but too eagerly caught up by that prejudiced functionary. After ensuring the mischief, Anna Federovna retreated from the responsibility of its consequences, and did not return until after the exodus of the unlucky Jew.

The family feud still exists and grows. The rival housewives do not visit; they live but to poison one another's lives. They glare at each other in church with flushed countenances, and pass on with a haughty toss of the head. If Glafira Ivanovna ascertains that Anna Federovna wishes to travel anywhere along the road crossing her husband's estate, she instantly orders the bridge to be taken away that carries the road over the narrow river, dividing their several domains. The young lady rejoices in having annoyed the old one; and the inhabitants of the village, unconcerned in the family feud, are prevented from going about their business, and sometimes incur considerable losses, owing to the delay caused by the removal of the bridge.

Anna Federovna, on her part, will sometimes order the sluices to be drawn up, thus letting off the water that turns the mill on the estate of Sakofka. The miller growls and swears; but he is no worse off than his brethren of the village mills, and the peasants who are waiting for their meal, and suffer considerable inconvenience on that account. Thus the country is agitated by the everlasting controversy between these hostile housewives. As for Alixie Petrovitch, he has taken for consolation to reading and sleeping, and is grown as round as a tun.

## NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL

A SKETCH.

## CHAPTER I.

## LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

I HAD just finished my dinner, in chambers one November evening, and was beginning to enjoy the first sip of a really good glass of wine ; and to think that, after all, a bachelor's life is not such a miserable lot, when one's health keeps good, and one's digestion faultless ; and those ill birds duns keep away from the door. Quite a festive evening I had determined to enjoy, when of a sudden I heard the door opened, a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and a rich jolly voice shouted in my ear : "Wake up, you old toper, and listen to my good news. I am booked, Jack, in the matrimonial way, to the dearest, sweetest little maiden that ever gladdened your eyes. Congratulate me on my good fortune, old fellow."

Could this be Balbus ? I looked round, and found that the boisterous invader was no other than my old college friend, and thorough scapegrace, Charley Dalton—one of the merriest, laziest, and best-hearted rogues, that did not even pretend to do anything, and acted up to their pretensions religiously. By profession my companion was a barrister, that is, he had kept his terms duly in the Temple, and had eaten through the requisite number of mutton dinners in the solemn old hall ; but as for a brief, I can conscientiously aver that not even the shadow of one ever troubled him. However, he didn't mind, this genial youth ; he was blessed with exuberant animal spirits, could sing a decent song, and had five hundred per annum ; and now, I suppose, he was going to be married.

"Well, my boy," rejoined I, in a saturnine tone of voice, "you seem to have a pleasant knack of disturbing your friends' siestas ; but sit down, Charley, pray, and make yourself at home in the old den. You will find a glass in that cup-board, take a weed, and compose yourself, if you can."

My friend complied with all these requests, and curling himself into my coziest arm-chair, took a prefatory sip, anthematized the cigar, which refused to draw, and then burst out into a ringing joyous peal of laughter which did one's heart good to listen to.

"It really does seem too much of a good thing though," resumed my friend, when the fit had partially subsided, "for a fellow like me to settle down into the respectable line, abjure all my fast companions

(meaning thee, my Lothario), and become a model family man. But I suppose you are impatient to learn who the lady is. Wait till you have seen her. You remember the girl we met at the Archery Ball last summer—I mean the *blonde* with those large speaking blue eyes, and that demure little smile—you waltzed with her, my anchorite, and raved about her for a month; her name was Anna Stewart. Well, it is her sister that has done me the honour of whispering a little word of three letters, which means a good deal, but does not take long in telling. I met their brother, he was at Corpus, you know, and is now in orders. I met him at the Bishop's, and through him got introduced to Oaklands, the fair Ella's paternal domain. You know me too well, old man, to suppose that I could stay in the house with a charming, and withal sensible girl, without getting very badly hit. I soon fell deeply, madly in love with Ella Stewart; and one night in the conservatory told her a little secret. She didn't say the conventional 'Ask Papa, nor 'What will Ma say,' but she looked up to me with her deep brown eyes, and whispered a coy loving assent—'Yes, she would be my wife, and that through weal or woe, come shine, come storm.' *Voilà tout*, my old friend, and now do congratulate me. We are to be married in the spring; the old man behaved like a thorough brick, bade me keep my treasure carefully, and with a 'God bless you,' sent me to join my precious. Now, old cynic, you do not seem overjoyed; if you are very good, I will take you to Oaklands and you shall see my 'divinity,' and fain confess that the sun shines on no fairer girl in England."

"Ha, well! all very well, Mr. Charley," assented I, "but have you reckoned the responsibility of this step." (I was an ill-conditioned old bachelor, *voyez vous*, and could not keep my sorry temper from cropping out occasionally.) "Recollect mind, that the change will be a great one. You are not used to trammels of any kind, accustomed to enjoy life and wander about at will; you will see married life rather a change."

"There you go, you old Diogenes," laughed the happy man, "always groaning. Blest"—and here he threw his eyes around my well-appointed room, and choice furniture, and took another appreciative sip—"blest if any one wouldn't think that you were a Capuchin, instead of a happy old bachelor, with every comfort and no relations to bore him. Well! and suppose if you *have* had one little '*affaire du cœur*,' you are quite recovered now; and as to what you say about married life, wait till you see my betrothed and then talk."

"I only joked, my dear boy; I only joked; I'm sure I wish you joy, and all that sort of thing, with all my heart, and rather envy your luck, for bachelor life is not such a pleasant thing as it seems. One wearies somehow of the perpetual loneliness and friendlessness and wishes for somebody to sit opposite and make coffee; but seriously, I am anxious to see your choice, Charley, my boy: when shall I come?"

"Oh, let me see, any time will suit me; say next Thursday week. I will just drop a line to acquaint Stewart *mère* of our visit, so hold

yourself in readiness ;" and for the second time the happy youth relapsed into temporary insanity, and raved about his darling's features and smile, and graceful form till I almost tired. These things so rarely interest a third party. I could not wonder though at any girl's falling in love with my genial young friend. As he lay curled upon the chair, with the wine-glass in his hands, he looked a perfect Antinous—a true type of manly Saxon beauty, with chestnut hair curling over a broad intellectual forehead, his cheerful gray eyes lighting up the whole of his face, and a beautifully chiselled nose. Not an effeminate style at all ; he was six-feet and a trifle broad shouldered, "with thews and sinews such as warriors have ;" arms with muscle in them, which many a blatant cad felt the weight of in the halcyon days when we were at Trinity, and which "stroked" many a winning boat in the boating struggle at Oxford.

"I shall be awfully sorry to lose you, dear old chap," resumed my friend more seriously ; "we have been such staunch friends, have we not ? But as the Bible says, you know, a fellow must leave all his relations and friends and cleave to his wife. Tell you what, you must dine with us often. Not that I can give you sherry like this, by any means ; '*res angusta domi*' would prevent it ; we can't all be Luculluses like you. Stay, there goes ten ; I go to play pool, for the last time in my bachelor life, at the rooms of one Thurston a Sadducee, with Chalker of the Lancers, and some old Trinity men. Ta-ta, old man, keep yourself disengaged for Thursday ;" and whistling the "Birra" from *Marta*, he rushed out as impetuously as he had made his appearance.

As the last echo of his footsteps died away, and I was left alone in my glory once more, I threw myself back in my chair and looked moodily at the fire gleaming so cheerfully, and peopled the grate with bygone scenes and faces, as people will do when in a sentimental humour. I began to envy this young fellow's lot, and wondered why such a lot had not been mine. *Ohime!* had I not attended at the feet of young maidens, had I not striven to make myself as agreeable as possible to the fair. How badly that young lady with the auburn coronet peeping cozily from behind that coal, behaved to me : if she did leave me for another she need not have laughed me to scorn. There is that beautiful actress, Katie Francis, again : why, I actually was fool enough to imagine that she was *tendre*. What brava could equal mine ? whose bouquet surpassed the magnificence of mine ? yet she allowed me to bask in her smile for but a short period, and then, in the cant phrase of the day, "went to the bad." Well, thought I, you have had your day, my boy, and you are less prepossessing now than ever you were, so rest content ; and so, whimpering over my lost *gioventù*, I seized the poker and demolished the witching faces in the fire, then with a weary sigh, sought refuge in that common comforter, my bed.



## CHAPTER II.

## IN THE TOILS.

THE time slipped swiftly by, and punctual to the minute on Thursday morning came my friend Charley, gorgeously attired, and with a most radiant face. No sign in his face of that weary, seedy look which some men wear in the morning just after breakfast, auguring badly of their previous night's dissipation. The reason of his purple and fine linen I knew full well. 'Tis a sure sign, look you, of a youth's being in love, when he begins to attire himself sprucely. Now-a-days, the British youth prides himself not a whit on his personal elegance; as long as he feels himself airy and comfortable he is given to affect shaggy tweed and sturdy knickerbockers; but when he pays a visit to the lady of his choice the case is altered, then doth he indue himself in the official frock-coat, his ties are grandiose then, and his feet encased in the very shiniest of boots. And again when the lady wishes to make an impression, who but she to deck herself brightly; what says the "parient" in the ballad?—"Go dress yourself, Dinah, in gorgeous array."

"Here we are again," broke in Charley, interrupting the current of my thoughts, "punctual to the time; hope you have slept well, old boy, for I want you to have your eyes open to see my Beauty perfectly. So ho, boy, easy then; now then, Jim, the reins;" and giving rein to the spirited horse, off we dashed on our courting expedition. "I hope the old lady will be genial," said my friend; "she sometimes has a sort of melancholy over her: why, I am sure I can't tell; with two such daughters she ought to be in paradise. By Jove, sometimes I can hardly imagine myself awake, it must be some too happy dream, it seems too happy for sober reality."

"Ah! you were always given to dreaming," responded I, "don't you remember that you could never walk once down the 'High' without getting into a perfect phrenzy of love, by reason of the pretty faces that haunted that delectable promenade. Don't you remember, Charley, how eager the Senior Proctor was to make your acquaintance, and what a lecture old Mackenzie used to read you on wasting your opportunities, and not improving your 'probation time.'"

"*Peccavi confiteor*," laughed the youth; "but then those were one's 'sallet days.' I have abjured sack, I assure you, and taken to quietness, and you will acknowledge that the being who wrought this change is no mean enchantress."

During this chat we had been driving through a succession of beautiful lanes, in the prettiest of all England's counties, Kent, and though the season of the year was not the most genial, still our spirits went up soon to blood heat; there is something so madly exhilarating in the feeling of being drawn swiftly by a spirited horse, never mind where the *locale* is.



We approached at length some lodge-gates of old Norman pattern very strong and surmounted by the Stewart cognizance.

"Welcome to Oaklands, Jack," cried Charley, "you will get a warmer welcome in a few minutes. Isn't it a sweet spot, makes you in love with it insensibly, does it not, O enthusiastic admirer of Nature?"

And in good truth it was a fairy drive this approach to Oaklands Hall; on either side of the walk rose the stately gnarled oaks, which in summer must have made an almost impervious canopy of leafage; but now, of course, the stern hand of winter had torn all the leafy beauty off, and left but the bare gnarled trunks with their giant stems, and the dry branches crackling above, with ever and anon a glimpse of the cold blue sky flecked with skimming pigeons. Leisurely we made our way up the drive, and were at length in full view of the Hall. Elizabethan of course I expected it, with a wing added by some later hand, in which I knew by intuition that the billiard-room, and that paradise of the lounge, the smoking-room, were situated; as, in good Queen Bess's time, such pastimes were not dreamt of as necessary to existence in a country house. Before the Hall stretched an expanse of smooth lawn—scene, I imagined, of many a croquet party—field of battle where many a heart struck by Dan Cupid's dart lay quivering.

"Just in time for lunch," broke in my incorrigible companion, "people must eat even when they are in love! eh, Jack?—now then to the meeting."

A loud summons at the bell brought a comely servant lass, who took our cards and showed us into a well-appointed luxurious room, extremely well furnished with sumptuous but not gaudy articles. We had not long to wait for the mistress of the house, a portly pleasant old lady, with a look of placid content on her face, as if she was perfectly satisfied with herself and the world.

"So glad to see you, Mr. Dalton." I was introduced. "And very glad to see you, sir; I hope that we shall contrive to amuse you in our dull house."

I gave my best Sir Charles Grandison bow, and assured her that there was no doubt of my enjoying myself, and as for my companion I could easily vouch for him.

"By the bye, Mr. Dalton, there is a surprise for you, we have another inmate since we saw you last. Ella's cousin, Captain Grantley, has come over from India on leave; you will be so charmed to know him, he is singing away with the girls in the drawing-room."

A cloud shot athwart Charley's handsome face. Could he be jealous, and of a cousin too? Oh no, too wild an idea, I dismissed it at once.

"Come now, gentlemen, and do your *devoirs* to the ladies, you must be dying of impatience and tired of an old woman's company."

Marshaled by the lady we reached the drawing-room, just to hear a rich buffo voice finish the last bars of "*Come è bello*," and an equally good pianist put the last brilliant touch to the finale. We walked in,

and discovered the musicians—a gentleman and a young lady at the piano, and a third with her back turned to us at the window.

"Bravo, Annie!" she exclaimed, with a ringing laugh, "you and Captain Grantley did that last scream *au merveille*. Oh, I beg pardon," seeing the new arrivals, and becoming suffused instantly with the most bewitching of blushes, and peeping coyly at her lover and myself.

To say that Miss Stewart fascinated me is to say but very little. I was actually spell-bound by the girl's glorious beauty, and as much astonished by the contrast that she presented to her sister. She was pure Saxon, fair auburn hair coronetted over a smooth brow, the deep blue eye that one sees in the descendants of the Athelings, and that bright rose colour which none but England's fair daughters can show. Ella, *au contraire*, was of the Spanish type of beauty, those dreamy dark passion-fraught eyes, now melting in love, now gleaming in wrath, which almost madden the hopeless lover; her hair was of a deep blue-black, and hung in masses wildly tangled over her shoulders; her complexion almost dusky, through which a rosy flush peeped when she was excited. I was almost too excited to speak, or make any acknowledgment. I could think of nothing but Byron's glorious lines:

"There be none of Beauty's daughters  
With a magic like thee,  
And like music on the waters  
Is thy sweet voice to me."

"I thought so," whispered Charley to me, "impressionable old fool you are; come, wake up."

His warning brought me to myself, and I awoke from my dream of beauty, to stammer forth some conventionalities in a trembling voice, as if I were speaking to the Queen. Oh, how I envied my young friend, as Elia walked up to him, and shook him warmly by the hand, then led him to an embrasure in the window, where they were soon engrossed in conversation—that conversation which is very silly, and very pretty, and ought never to be repeated, as it interests two persons only. I was left alone with the Captain and Miss Annie, who soon recognized me, and exclaimed:

"Oh! now I remember; do you know I have been trying for the last five minutes to recollect your face, and all at once it struck me that I must have danced with you last summer."

I gave a delighted assent: "Yes at the Archery Ball, at Turlminster; I recognized you immediately."

The gallant Indian looked ill at ease; he was evidently not made enough of. Captain Grantley, of Her Majesty's Irregular Troop of Horse, was no small man in his estimation. He had fought at Cawn-pore, and relieved the women and children in that dreadful charnel-house. He had been smiting the coward Sepoys, hip and thigh, at Delhi, and, in short, he seemed out of his element.

The fair Miss Stewart kept me in a delighted roar the whole time,

with sarcastic *plaisanterie* about the Archery Ball ; didn't I remember that funny old Major, who danced like a lobster, and looked quite as red in the face ; and then, how the Bishop laughed when two or three couples in the galop went down and lay scattered on the floor. Nothing escaped this young lady's merciless wit, and I was sincerely glad that I was enacting the part of the delighted auditor, and not the victim.

At billiards the afternoon passed most pleasantly. Charley looked as if he were in Elysium, and really to see him dance attendance upon his fairy empress, would have been ridiculous, had it not been so natural. I should not have played the part of eavesdropper, I own, but I could not help overhearing her say : "Two to your love, Charley," and the delighted swain's response : "So much as *that*, darling." Of course, Mamma was there to play propriety, but the young people cared not a whit evidently ; one couple spooned, and the other flirted most furiously, right under the old lady's eyes. I daresay, though, she thought of her "ain lang coortin," years ago, and her heart felt softened as she surveyed the scene. Little did I think, as I looked on, that the course of events would make that happy coterie the prey of dark despair—but I am anticipating.

All things must have an end, and dinner was no exception, though I never recollect such a marvellously good dinner as this ; all the necessary adjuncts were there, wine, women, and wit ; and I am sure he must have been a parlous fool, who could have felt dull amidst this combination. A curious quartette we made over our wine. The Squire, to whom I must introduce the reader—not that he was at all remarkable or different from the conventional type of English country gentleman—was hospitable, genial, and a thorough protectionist. "Those Manchester cotton-lords," were the constant theme of his abuse. "Not content, sir," complained he, "with getting all our money, these radical cads must buy up all our property too. Surely, 'tis a sorry sight to see Mr. Snooks, of Manchester, lording it over a fine old country-house with his Jewey sons and ill-bred daughters." He also bewailed very much the want of the thorough old English gentleman, and surmised that the true blood would soon be extinct. My reader knows the style of man now, he meets him at the head of every hospitable board in the kingdom.

"Now then, you boys, fill and pass ; you don't take kindly to the liquor ; I assure you 'tis stuff that will make you wink, Carbonnell, '44. You seem glum, Captain Grantley ; can't you young fellows amuse yourselves ? Of course, we old boys must be excused."

I looked at the soldier, and saw something in his eyes which I liked not at all ; they seemed to scintillate with a sinister gleam, which boded no good. I noticed too, that ever and anon he cast a look of almost deadly hatred at Charley opposite him. Could it be the "green monster" already ? Oh ! love, love, sighed I, you have much to answer for. However, by a mighty effort, Grantley recovered his usual *bonhomie* and told us tales of Indian warfare till our hearts leaped with exultation, or sickened

with horror. He had seen stiff service, this handsome, dandy, cavalry man. Nigh unto death had he been in many battles, and had laid many a caitiff turban in the dust, avenging the cause of the widows and fatherless.

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Said Charley to me that night, as we smoked our cigars over a bottle of claret in the bed-room, "Jack, old fellow, there are breakers ahead. I foresee that there will be a tussle between this Captain Grantley and myself before very long. I hate the man, there is no use denying the fact; something in his eye tells me that my hate is reciprocated; and it is manifest from his bearing to my darling, that he is very badly hit in that quarter—that, however, I can't blame him for. The fellow must be a duffer, who could look once at Ella without falling hopelessly in love. Well we shall see, *detur digniori*; fair play is all I ask, and let the best man win, as the 'Fancy' have it."

"Tush, my dear boy," I responded, "don't disturb yourself with these idle fancies; the Squire's excellent port must have got into that curly head of yours. Probably, the man cares not a jot for any woman; at any rate, he has not the look of a Romeo. I suppose you hunt with us to-morrow, the meet is at Tedstone Hill—that is, if you can tear yourself away from the women. I have a mighty fancy to see this Irish horse, which the Squire talks about. I suppose Grantley will ride him, being a mighty hunter."

I almost fancy that my friend muttered "D— Grantley," so I bid him an affectionate "good night," and dreamt myself that the Captain was carrying off Ella Stewart on the Irish horse, and that Charley was in hot pursuit astride of an engine. Such ridiculous fancies do occur to us in dreams; I little thought how much they would be verified.

### CHAPTER III.

#### BLACK RUPERT.

I HAD been accustomed to field sports from my childhood, and loved nothing better than a smart burst across country, so was not at all displeased to find that next day

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky  
Proclaimed a hunting morning."

"Of course you'll all hunt to-day?" was the Squire's first cheery salutation at breakfast; "the morning seems quite made for a run—that is if you can leave the ladies: eh, Charley, my boy?"

Grantley looked at the youth in question, with an ugly sneer, which seemed to say: "Oh, no, leave him at home, *pauvre enfant*, he will be urt."

This decided the irresolute Lothario ; rather than be sneered at by Grantley he would ride to his death.

"I am proud to say," broke in our host, "that I can mount you capitally, each one according to his taste. I have got a quiet weight-carrying cob for you, Mr. G—, a miracle of a fencer for Charley; and if Captain Grantley is not afraid, he shall have the Irish horse, Black Rupert. Mind I warn you, Captain, he is a regular devil, and if once he gets the bit between his teeth, say your prayers."

Spite of this cheerful recommendation, Grantley looked not in the slightest degree concerned, and observed with a quiet smile of superiority which was very tantalizing, that he had had a little experience in ugly tempered horses, that he had never been frightened by a horse, and was not going to begin now; and that besides pig-sticking was about the best training-school a rider could have.

The Squire smiled, and his daughters, Ella especially, looked admiringly at a man who could talk of danger. Bravery is always certain to go down with the gentler ones, no matter who the brave be.

"Now haste ye, gentlemen," cried our host, "we have no time to lose, the meet is some distance. Follow me to the stalls, and see the horses."

Out past a very pretty conservatory—where Charley saw something to kiss his hand to—past a bowling alley now out of use, to the stables, with their crowd of grooms and helpers, all in a pleasurable state of bustle.

"Now then, my lads," said the Squire, "bring out the horses. Take care, Tom, how you manage Rupert. How does he look this morning?"

"Well, yer honour," answered the groom, "faith and it's mighty wicked his lordship looks, made a dash at me this morning, and did for my sleeve—saving yer honner's presence, 'tis the devil's own I think he is."

"Let me try him," said Grantley quietly; "bring him out, will you?"

Away went the groom, and after a few moments' delay, re-appeared with a splendid black hunter, some sixteen hands high, beautifully made and purely bred, but with that in his eye which made the blood run cold. The Prince evidently did not relish his treatment for with an angry snarl, he reared bolt upright and commenced dancing an animated polka on his hind legs.

"So ho, my boy," said the Captain soothingly, and fixing his eye resolutely on the struggling brute; "easy, my beauty. Now hold him tight, while I vault up. Quick, the reins. Snaffle curb, I see; all the better. Now, my man, we shall see who is the stronger."

Then commenced one of the fiercest struggles I ever saw, brute contending with man for the mastery, neither resolved to yield. At length the superior nature got the mastery. Grantley sat him like a Centaur, and finally made him seize the bit in his teeth, and rush off like the

wind with a wild snort of defiance. The captain allowed him to breathe himself completely, and then rode him back with the same quiet smile about his mouth, saying plainly "You all see what I can do."

A half hour's ride brought us to the meet, and there we found half the country-side gentry assembled with the usual concomitant of yelping hounds, irate whippers-in, and eager huntsmen. A thin sprinkling too of ladies, who seemed to look forward with as great relish to a good run this frosty morning as their sterner companions.

Reynard was soon unearthed, and hardly had the stentorian "Gone away, Tally-ho," rang out in the air, when the whole mass rushed forward in the mad excitement of the chase, every rider with whip-hand low and firm seat, for well we knew there was some stiff ground to be got over ere the hunt was done. A really beautiful sight it is, I take it, to see the hounds break out into the open, followed by the stream of huntsmen in scarlet and black, while the horn breaks out into a cheery defiance, or the master's voice sounds high "Yoicks For-rad!" For half-an-hour we kept well together, the Captain gallantly leading on Rupert, who swept along now manfully as if proud of his rider; Charley following easily, and myself bringing up the rear on my respectable old cob. Every now and then Grantley would hurl a glance of defiance at the man whom he evidently considered his rival, and I could see by Charley's set teeth and sparkling eyes that he was only waiting for some danger to test their strength; and he had not long to wait. Right in front lay the stiffest bit of fence with ditch beyond that had stopped us that day, about six feet in height, rising abruptly at the bottom of a hill, with a hedge in front and a dry ditch on the other side. Nothing to smile at, Captain Grantley, though you show your teeth to us as if in challenge. All at once Charley began spurring his horse, and with one rush was beside Grantley, and neck and neck they raced down the hill towards the deadly fence. Not for me to describe the various emotions which surged through those rivals' minds then as the danger neared. Such is the cunning of love, that each knew the other's mortal hatred, and now in the hour of peril there was no dissembling; but see with one bound they are at the fence. Charley, slightly leading his chestnut, rises at it like a bird, and with one flying leap is safe on the other side. Gallantly done, by Jove! With one wild oath ground through his set teeth, Captain Grantley urges the Irish horse to the leap. Gallantly the beautiful animal rises to the top, and then his hind feet caught in the rails, and down he went with a horrible "thud," that sickening sound of falling bodies, into the ditch below, rolling over on his rider and crushing him terribly.

"Good God," I exclaimed, "the man must be killed," and setting spurs to my cob was soon beside the prostrate horse and his lifeless rider. Charley hearing the 'thud,' had reined in his gallant steed too, and was now bending over the inanimate Captain.

"Here, Charley, try and get the brute off him, he may not be dead yet. The horse does not seem very much injured."



My friend's strong hands soon dragged the struggling horse off, and then I stooped and examined the luckless rider. Perfectly still he lay, with one arm doubled back in an unnatural way, that I knew must be a fracture, and a thin stream of blood trickling from his pale forehead, that made my heart turn cold, as I thought of concussion of the brain.

"Try some cold water, Charley; here take my hunting cap to that little brook. I wish the Squire were here, I hardly know how to act. Would to heaven the poor fellow had listened to his advice this morning." I sprinkled the cool drops over his brow, and he seemed to recover, with one hard gasping breath he opened his eyes.

"What have I done? who are you?" he whispered in a low voice. "Oh, I remember now; the cursed Irish horse refused the leap, and you, my rival, got over beautifully." Then his voice sank to a groan: "Oh, my head pains me so, and I am sure my arm must be broken. I—I can't move it; however, I must try and walk. She must not see me in this state." He attempted to rise, but fell back with a groan. "Curse my ill-luck, to be smashed at a trifle like this. I saw my fate the instant the brute rose to the jump, but would not have turned back to save my life, for— (I knew what was passing in his mind then.) A drop more water, I feel awfully faint, and my arm pains me infernally. Thanks."

A few minutes and Charley re-appeared with a country cart drawn by a strong horse. "As good luck would have it, Captain," said the noble boy, with no malice in his heart now, "this cart happened to be at the road-side; we'll lift you in, and carry you to the Hall in a crack. Gently then, Jack, take care of his arm. Tell you the truth, I was equally afraid of a spill, but some good cherub watched over me and landed me all right—so that's all comfortable. Now, boy, drive very slowly; and perhaps you would not mind going with Mr. Grantley, just to prepare the ladies for the accident. I mean to ride on and try to get up with the tail of the hounds." With a bound he was in the saddle, and gone.

A weary drive was that to the Hall; the Captain kept groaning miserably, and inwardly bemoaning his hard fate, and would receive no attentions from me; so I left him at last to his own reflections.

"By the bye, don't you think that I had better go on up to the Hall, and tell the ladies, Captain; they will be so frightened otherwise?"

"If you like," motioned the sufferer; and I accordingly ran on in front, past the lodge, up the stately avenue, dashed into the house, and regardless of etiquette burst in upon the fair girls, who were in the drawing-room.

"I am sorry—" and I could go no further—"very sorry that an accident has happened to Captain Grantley. The Irish horse fell on him, and I fear he is badly hurt; but pray don't alarm yourselves, my dear young ladies, it is nothing fatal."

Did my eyes deceive me, or was Ella Stewart swooning? without a word, without a movement she had fainted away.

Utterly beside myself with mingled surprise and terror, I sprang to the bell and pulled frantically. "Some water at once, your mistress has fainted." Could anything be more unfortunate; should the Captain arrive meanwhile and hear of this, goodness only knows how high his hopes will fly; and poor Charley, let him look to himself. In a few seconds Ella opened her beautiful eyes, and assured us that she was perfectly recovered, and then with a wild look of terror: "Is *he* very badly hurt? will *he* die?" Her modesty overcoming her fear, and the mantling blushes tinting her cheek once more: "Oh, how foolish I am, I must be mad." What could all this mean? Was it probable that this Indian Captain with his strange fascinating eyes, and fierce moustache, had wrought this change in my Charley's darling. I felt glad that he had gone off after the hounds instead of coming home; he would have been tortured by jealousy.

No long time elapsed before the cart with its bruised burden stood in front of the hall-door, and I assisted Captain Grantley out, pale as death, with his face bleeding and his arm useless.

"No more soldiering with this," said he, with a ghastly grin. "Oh no, my dear Miss Stewart, it is really not much—not much to grieve *you*," with a passionate glance into her dark orbs; and if I ever saw the language of love I saw it then. Not a word spake she in return, there was no necessity for it, her eyes said as plainly as eyes could say, "I love thee, I love thee."

"'Twas partly love, and partly fear,  
And partly 'twas a bashful art,  
That I might rather feel than see  
The swelling of her heart."

Oh, Miss Stewart, groaned I in bitterness of spirit, as I saw the ghastly truth, does your heart feel no pity for the gallant boy you have drawn on to his doom; is his love such a worthless weed then, that you should neglect it for this man, a comparative stranger. Then, God knows, I might be wrong, women are ever compassionate, and in my unskillfulness may have interpreted as love what was only compassion—probably Captain Grantley is but an old friend. Meanwhile the injured hero had been conveyed in state to the Blue Chamber, once the fabled resting-place of royalty, and had fallen off into a deep sleep. The evening shadows fell apace, and brought with them the hunting party, anxious to learn the fate of "Black Rupert's" rider. The Squire tormented with anxiety because he had suffered the Captain to ride him. "I knew it, the devil himself wouldn't hold him with the bit between his teeth," was his constant plaint.

A weary dinner followed, in which each seemed to feel the absence of Grantley; and each for once broke through the conventional rules, which ordain that in society you must smile and joke with a broken heart, and showed their concern.

The Squire was evidently chagrined. "There must have been some

mistake," he exclaimed; "you should have seen him this morning, Ella, he made 'Black Rupert' as tame as a lamb in five minutes."

The lovely girl's eyes sparkled with admiration, while from Charley's eyes there came a responsive gleam which expressed anything but admiration.

"Jack," whispered my friend hoarsely in my ear, as we were driving home to chambers under the moon, "if that Grantley steals my darling's affections I'll shoot him like a dog, I swear to God I will—"

You must excuse the hot-headed boy, reader, if he is given to use strong language. Young men of the present day are not accustomed to choose their language when excited, and my friend was, in my opinion, in a very unreasonable rage.

"Tush, fond lover," was my answer, "prythee, why so pale? If of herself she will not love, nothing can make her. Besides, you foolish fellow, what change have you noticed in Miss Stewart's demeanour, thus to sink to the lowest depths of despair. An unreasonable lot you lovers are; if a girl dares to look, smile, speak, for any one save your honourable selves, let him look to it."

Poor fellow, he little knew all—perhaps 'twas as well he did not. And now, reader, I must make my bow. This intolerable "*ego*" drumming on your ears must have wearied you; I shall leave the characters in this little drama to play for themselves, you will probably see me again hereafter. *Vale!* and would I could add "*Vos plaudite.*"

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(To be continued.)

## A HOUSEHOLD POET.

To attempt on paper, an exact definition of the term "poetry," would be a work of about the same magnitude and utility, as an attempt to transfer to canvas a correct portrait of the sun. Both tasks have been repeatedly attempted it is true, but without any very satisfactory results. That Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, or Pope are true poets, are all inspired with the "fine frenzy," can be readily comprehended; but if any comparison between the relative merits of their works be attempted, or if we essay to measure their respective powers by any mental standard of our own, we are speedily at fault. All of them are brethren of a noble band, inheriting nothing in common beyond the glorious title of poet.

Such being the case, it is not only idle, but unjust to endeavour to depreciate one writer's style by comparing it with that of another; and yet how frequently is this done now-a-days? Felicia Hemans is not a greater poet because she wrote in a manner different to, even if finer than, the flowery pathos of poor L. E. L. Neither are her works an iota less admirable, because not so sweetly human as those of Elizabeth Browning.

Every writer has an allotted portion, and to our fancy none seem to have more honestly and steadfastly adhered to the fore-shadowed rôle than has Eliza Cook. Her works can be confidently recommended to every class of readers. They are unsurpassed for pathetic fervour, for purity of tone, and for clearness of expression. No living poet writes with less straining after effect, or with more apparent ease, and we can truthfully affirm that in her poems we have ever found "sound an echo to the sense:" her rhymes are always accompanied by reason. There can be few Englishmen to whom Eliza Cook's name is unknown. Of many of her lyrics it may indeed be said, that "they are as familiar in their mouths as household words." From golden-haired maiden to gray-headed sire, there are few, even now at the hundredth repetition, who can restrain the rising sob, or, who does not feel the eye grow dim with tears on hearing the well-known words of "The Old Arm-Chair."

There was a time some several years since, when poems and songs flowed with extraordinary rapidity from this poet's fluent pen; but a long, long interval of silence came, until at last her admirers began to fear that they had lost their sweet songster for ever. Happily, however, it was, but a fleeting cloud, at least for us, and once again we have our former favourite in our midst, singing with all the fervency and all the beauty of "the olden golden time of long ago."

The interval of suffering—suffering greater perchance than the world may deem—does not appear to have in any way dimmed the brilliancy,

nor dulled the humour of her verse; and although now-a-days poems may be only expected from her pen, as "angels' visits, few and far between," Eliza Cook's admirers—and who is not one?—in perusing the pages of "New Echoes,"\* will not find any diminution of her powers, but rather will find her facile muse deftly changing from "grave to gay, from lively to severe," with a mastery of language, and a grandeur of thought, that it never before exhibited, even in the best productions of her palmiest days.

Choosing for the text of her new volume, that undying sentence of Keats, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," our authoress "opens the ball," with a playful explanation of her intentions, which are, we find, to give a poetical rendering of the various "things of beauty" in Nature and Art that more strongly influence the workings of the human mind.

"New Echoes" commences in a humorous strain. In quaint versification, a light Spenserian metre, the authoress wittily introduces to our notice a few "things of beauty," that are not "joys for ever;" of which take for instance the following stanzas from page 5.

"A 'thing of Beauty' is the darling heir;  
 Blue orb'd and golden haired, radiant as noon;  
 But only watch the cherub rave and tear,  
 Screaming with fury for some household moon,  
 Till human ear can scarcely brook and bear.  
 Alas! for Poet speech! and all too soon,  
 This 'Joy for ever' mars still more the line;  
 By taking to a latch-key, cards, and wine.

A 'thing of Beauty' is the bending river,  
 When we sing o'er it in a sun-warmed boat,  
 Without a breath of wind to make us shiver,  
 Or touch of fog to spoil our alto note.  
 We love the Thames, the Rhine, or Guadalquivir,  
 While July gilds the silver as we float;  
 But with November and a drizzling rain,  
 Their 'Joy for ever' may be preached in vain."

Eliza Cook's meaning, however, is too serious to loiter long over the humorous, so making amends to the manes of our English Adonis, she begins in sober earnest her poetic meanderings. Taking us familiarly by the hand she leads us into a Pantheon of her own raising, and there introduces us to a goodly company of earth's noblest and most famous men—men, the *chef d'œuvres* of whom, in the various arts and sciences of which they were the representatives, are now our greatest glories. Amongst those dead (of deathless fame) that pass before our view, are Benvenuto, Cellini, Washington, Luther, Goldsmith, Hampden, Rubens, Salvator Rosa, Burns, Petrarch, and many others unnecessary to here enumerate. From this throng of genius we emerge only to be led through a perfect Tom Tiddler's ground of beauties—beauties so varied

\* "New Echoes; and other Poems." By Eliza Cook. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge, Broadway, Ludgate Hill.

and inspired by so many different subjects, that every one may find something wherewith to gratify their own particular taste.

In language well befitting her exalted theme, our authoress beguiles us into listening to her varied views and visions of the influence "things of beauty" have, or should have, not only upon man's ideal nature, but upon everything *nearest* and dearest to him in his transient earthly career. Where all is good it is difficult to select a portion, but the following passage if it fail—as it necessarily must—to convey an adequate idea of the beauty of the poem in its entirety, will doubtless prove interesting to the reader from the fact that it personally alludes to the authoress :

" Have I not laid unseemly follies down  
 Beneath the word of Athens' martyr-sage,  
 Who took his poison as kings take a crown,  
 And left his ' crime ' to fill a glory-page,  
 To guide and strengthen spirits like my own,  
 And feed Truth's beacon-fire from age to age ?  
 Have I not struggled to be humbly just,  
 And, like the glow-worm, gild my path of dust ?  
 Have I not sought with strong impassioned zeal  
 To leave a few enduring thoughts behind,  
 That unborn ones may read ; and, reading, *feel*  
 To be the life sparks of an earnest mind ;—  
 A mind whose craving hope met nought but steel  
 In those whose sympathy it yearned to find ?  
 No ' kin ' could understand my soul's endeavour ;  
 And so I turned to ' books ' those ' Joys for ever ' .  
 How is it that I still look out on earth,  
 And chiefly note the pure, the good, the great ?  
 Why does my bosom own the self-same mirth  
 That welcomed life at morning's golden gate ?  
 Whence comes my ' Ariel ' of enchanted birth,  
 Defying all the ' Calibans ' of State ?  
 Is it that ' things of Beauty ' fill my heart  
 With trusting faith that will not all depart ?  
 And yet I have encountered pain and trial,  
 Griefs, disappointments, anguish, doubts, and fears,  
 Fate has poured out on me her chastening vial,  
 Melting my choicest pearls in acrid tears.  
 My warmest prayer has met with stern denial ;  
 My rarest chaplets have been flung on biers ;  
 But there's a saving anchor for the one  
 Who learns to say, ' *Thy* will, not mine, be done .'  
 I have been stricken by the varied blows  
 Of hard Reality, and forced to yield.  
 Fancy could not defeat the pressing foes  
 That offer battle on this mortal field ;  
 But Faith and calm endurance can oppose  
 The sharpest conflict with a steady shield ;  
 And let our Fate reveal whate'er it will,  
 Courage does much to baffle every ill ."



We had marked several other portions of "New Echoes" for quotation, but are compelled to relinquish them from want of space; we would, however, more particularly call the attention of those who are fortunate enough to obtain the book to stanzas at page 8, relating to heroes of various kinds; at 10, alluding to beauty being a very necessary element in articles of domestic use—a creed in which we have great faith—and to lines scattered through several verses detailing the beauties, and influences of Music, Flowers, and Books.

In addition to the poem from which the volume takes its title there is a collection of shorter pieces, all more or less beautiful. Many of these—although to our thinking not always the best—have already become extremely popular.

From a very fine poem entitled "Once upon a Time"—a poem of itself containing sufficient wherewithal to build up a goodly fame for a poet—we extract the following lines:

"I wander'd to a spot of earth,  
Where Fame had crown'd the ruin-crag;  
Where ravens in their shrieking mirth  
Flapp'd their wings like conquerors' flags  
Waving o'er a battle-field;  
Where bat and lizard had allied,  
With mole and owlet by their side,  
And forced the bulwark foe to yield.  
Some phantasy beguiled my sight  
With vision of a gorgeous story,  
Of jewell'd roof, of halls of light,  
Of purple woof, of walls of might,  
Of pillar'd temples, thrones of state,  
Of pomp and palace, grand and great,  
Of people's shouts, of feasting kings,  
And all the myriad dazzling things  
That haunt the place of faded glory.  
I started for a frighten'd thrush  
Flew from a tuft of sedgy rush,  
Then, gazing down, I stepp'd aside  
To let the toad crawl back and hide;  
A squirrel brood ran up the larch  
That sway'd within the oriel arch,  
And then my tread disturb'd the rest  
Of a wild rabbit in its nest.  
I trampled through the dank thick grass,  
To catch the bindweed's trailing flowers,  
That tied themselves in tangled mass  
Across the cracking turret towers.  
The topmast battlement was lying  
Beside the breaking buttress pile:  
And dolefully the wind was sighing  
Through festive court and priestly aisle.  
Time's robe of green was flung about  
The mammoth skeleton of strength;  
And scattered bones of granite stones  
Told of its giant breadth and length.

I stood upon a scatter'd heap,  
 Of fragments of the watch-tower keep ;  
 I wander'd on, and strolled across  
 The banquet hall, laid down with moss ;  
 I climbed some steps shut out from day,  
 Till dust and nettles choked my way ;  
 I saw a mushroom springing up  
 Where royal feet had led the dance ;  
 I saw the foxglove's swinging cup  
 Where knights had hung their banner'd lance ;  
 And as I gazed, I saw a hand—  
 A withered hand—stretch forth and write  
 A short text fraught with holy thought ;  
 Easy to read by dullest sight.  
 'Twas plain and terse, but sacred page  
 Gives nought more simple and sublime,  
 It softened youth, it solaced age,  
 It mocked the hero and the sage  
 In these words—' Once on a time ! '

There is plenty of vivacity in the next piece, "The Smuggler King," but we feel assured that Eliza Cook can find nobler themes than *that* to poetise upon ; besides, may we not reckon such kings amongst those forced of late to retire from business ?

"Raising the May-pole," is a good patriotic lyric, and has a downright hearty ring in it that will hover round its reader's memory for many days to come.

There is a quaint rhythm running through "Germs of Greatness," that reminds us of Thomas Hood—Hood whose memory is so mournfully embalmed in the lines at page 227, entitled "Poor Hood." This fine poem was the first, and chief, means of attracting the nation's attention to the miserably neglected condition of Hood's grave ; and it is to Eliza Cook's continuous and laborious exertions, we owe the consoling fact, that *now*, Kensal Green Cemetery contains a suitable memorial over the remains of one of our truest, if not greatest, poets. "Poor Hood," may thy memory remain verdant as long as thy works exist—they, we know, are amongst our "joys for ever."

"The Mother to her Dumb Child," is one of those poems certain of acquiring extensive and enduring popularity ; in many hearts it will produce emotions time will never efface.

"The Infinite," page 184, is a sublime poem whose length unfortunately precludes its quotation.

"The Song of the Sailor Boy," is one of the authoresses most popular pieces ; its refrain of "Mother be proud of your boy in blue," having become familiar to nearly every musical instrument in the three kingdoms and their dependencies.

"Don't tell the world that you're waiting for me," is a pretty ballad that should strike home somewhere ; its brevity will permit the admission denied its more consequential compeers.

"DON'T TELL THE WORLD THAT YOU'RE WAITING FOR ME."

(*For Music.*)

"Three summers have gone since the first time we met, love,  
And still 'tis in vain that I ask thee to wed;  
I hear no reply but a gentle 'Not yet, love,'  
With a smile of your lip and a shake of your head.  
Ah! how oft have I whisper'd, how oft have I sued thee.  
And breathed my heart's question of 'When shall it be?'  
You know, dear, how long and how truly I've woo'd thee,  
So don't tell the world that you're waiting for me.

I have fashioned a home where the fairies might dwell, love,  
I've planted the myrtle, the rose, and the vine;  
But the cottage to me is a mere hermit's cell, love,  
And the bloom will be dull till the flowers are thine.  
I've a ring of bright gold, which I gaze on when lonely,  
And sigh with Hope's eloquence 'When will it be?'  
There needs but thy 'Yes,' love—one little word only,  
So don't tell the world that you're waiting for me."

"On Hearing an Æolian Harp," pleased us as much as anything in the whole volume, its sweet melodious ebb and flow of musical sound is truly typical of the strange instrument that inspired its production.

"Where are they now;" "I leave thee for a while;" "Not as I used to do;" "On the Embarkation of some Emigrants;" and "The Farewell to May," are replete with pathetic tenderness and true poetry; they are trite themes, it is true, but are here treated with that originality genius always contrives to invest all that it touches in.

Some of the songs in this volume are not only for, but are of the times. "Poet, of thine own country sing," has been taken to heart, and the result is such poems as those in aid of the distressed Lancashire operatives, on the Shakespeare Tercentenary movement, on Garibaldi's visit to England, and similar national events.

We had intended to call the reader's especial attention to several other pieces, but as we thoughtfully turn over the pages, so many fresh beauties attract our attention, that we deem it a useless task to place one poem before another, and, therefore, leave those who will, to search the volume and discover its chief treasures for themselves.

In taking leave of "New Echoes," we cannot refrain from mentioning its exquisite "getting up." It redounds to the credit of not only the publishers, but of every one concerned in its production. The book is in every respect "a thing of beauty" that must not only charm the eyes of its fortunate possessors, but cannot fail to cheer the heart of the authoress herself, a fine portrait and autograph of whom adorns the work.

J. H. J.

## Current History of Literary and Scientific Events.

JANUARY 1ST.—SUNDAY.

JANUARY 2D.—MONDAY.

*Egyptian Bees.*—In Lower Egypt, where the blowing of flowers is considerably later than in the upper districts, the practice of transporting bee-hives is much followed. The hives are collected from different villages along the banks, each being marked and numbered by the proprietors to prevent future mistakes. They are then arranged in pyramidal piles upon the boats prepared to receive them, which, floating gradually down the river, and stopping at certain stages of their passage, remain there a longer or shorter time, according to the produce afforded by the surrounding country. In this manner the bee-boats sail for three months. The bees, having culled the honey of the orange flowers in the Said, and of the Arabian jessamine and other flowers in the more northern parts, are brought back to the places from which they had been carried. This procures for the Egyptians delicious honey and abundance of bees-wax. The proprietors, in return, pay the boatmen a recompense proportioned to the number of hives which have been thus carried about from one extremity of Egypt to the other. The celebrated traveller Niebuhr saw upon the Nile between Cairo and Damietta a convoy of 4000 hives in their transit from Upper Egypt to the coast of the Delta.

*Library at Paris.*—The Imperial Library at Paris contains 2,000,000 printed works, 200,000 manuscripts, 3,000,000 engravings, and above 500,000 maps, plans, views, etc.

*Persian Newspapers.*—There are only two newspapers published in Persia, the *Rouz Nameh Elmirjah* (scientific Journal), published in Teheran, and the *Journal of the Nation*, published at Tauris. Both papers are lithographed, letterpress printing not being practised in Persia. The Persians fancy their style of writing the finest in the world, and prefer it to the pure Arabic characters from which it is derived.

JANUARY 3D.—TUESDAY.

*An Illustrious Foreign Visitor.*—A visitor well-known and highly appreciated in many of the waters abroad, has, by means of the Acclimatisation Society, been introduced into our own. The present stranger is the *silurus glanis* specimens of which have been brought alive to the station of the Society at Twickenham, by the exertions of Sir Stephen Lakeman and Mr. Lowe, from a distance of nearly 2000 miles. In all, fourteen of these young fishes were brought from Kapochein, in Walachia, where Sir Stephen Lakeman has an estate. The new fish is like the eel in its habits, being a wallowing fish, fond of burrowing in the mud, and hiding amongst the rotten roots of trees. It is said that the *silurus*, when the prey is plentiful, will attain over 56 lb. in four years; and Englishmen who have tasted it report that in flavour it is superior to the salmon.

## JANUARY 4TH.—WEDNESDAY.

*An Imperial Toy.*—On the occasion of the New Year the Emperor of the French presented to the son of Prince Napoleon, an automaton toy representing a gardener with a barrow. The figure walks backwards and forwards, and turns its head in the most natural manner, at the same time wheeling before it whatever may be put into the barrow.

*Quick Working.*—In one of the processes of steel-pen making done by females at Birmingham, a quick worker will cut out in one day of ten working hours 250 gross, or 36,000 pens, which involves 72,000 distinct motions of the arms, two in every second.

*OBITUARY.*—The death of Madame Bure, nurse to the French Emperor, and mother to the treasurer of the Imperial household, is announced. Madame Bure was eighty-nine years of age.

## JANUARY 5TH.—THURSDAY.

*A Terrible Weapon.*—There is now on exhibition in the lower rotunda of the Capitol of Alabama a very destructive breech-loading battery of small arms, the invention of Mr. John H. Foreman, of Company D, State Artillery, at Mobile. As one of the most dangerous arms ever brought to bear against cavalry attacks, it is probably without a competitor, and will undoubtedly be brought into general use as soon as its peculiar merits shall have become generally known. This destructive arm is composed of fifteen 30 in. barrels, calibre 57 (the same as the Enfield rifle), and at their base are screwed into a solid piece of metal. Near the muzzle these barrels are passed through another piece of iron, in such a manner that when fired the balls spread themselves over 120 feet at 500 yards from the point of discharge. It is loaded at the breech by rapid movement, enabling the gunner to discharge his piece six times a minute. Simple in construction, it is not likely to get out of order, and can be cleaned instantaneously whenever it is needed. Triplicate breech-loaders accompany each battery. The gun-carriage can be drawn by a single horse, and, with but two men in charge of the battery, a whole squadron of raiders could be made to bite the dust, and in the meantime the battery could be moved elsewhere the moment its presence was perceived by the enemy.

## JANUARY 6TH.—FRIDAY.

*Extermination of the Golden Eagle.*—A few days ago, while Mr. Robert M'Niel, one of the Earl of Breadalbane's gamekeepers, was out shooting rabbits, he observed a golden eagle, and, taking aim with his gun, succeeded in bringing it to the ground. The bird is a beautiful specimen of the golden eagle, and measures six feet nine inches from tip to tip of the wings. Within the last few weeks four eagles have been shot and trapped on the Breadalbane estate, and the noble birds are now getting very scarce.

## JANUARY 7TH.—SATURDAY.

*An Artist's Present.*—The Paris correspondent of the *Star* says :—Gustave Dore, the well-known artist, gave Madame Rossini an *etrenne* on the *Jour de l'An* which queens and empresses might envy. It consisted of a fan, on which he painted the exquisite air, "Mathilde, idole de mon ame;" but notes of music are not pretty things to look at, you will say, and your lady readers by no means envy Madame Rossini her fan. But fancy each note a Cupid's head, giving the exact expression of the tone conveyed by the voice; the additional lines represented by flutes and bows, and for double crotchets the Cupids drawn in tiny boats rowing—and all this painted by Gustave Dore—each Cupid a perfect gem of delicate colouring and execution—and you must admit that Madame Rossini's fan is a most artistic production. "Mathilde" is the favourite air of "Guillaume Tell."

JANUARY 8TH.—SUNDAY.

JANUARY 9TH.—MONDAY.

*Richness of the San Juan Gold Mines.*—Advices from the River Plate are again, as it were, embossed in San Juan gold. The news of the auriferous wealth of the newly-discovered mines was at first apparently received with some incredulity by the native press of Buenos Ayres; but any want of confidence has since been completely dissipated by the facts which have now come to the knowledge of the public. The *Nacion Argentina* refers to this important subject as follows:—"It is truly fabulous the accounts which we hear from the gold mines of San Juan. The private letters which we have seen, the accounts given us by parties recently arrived from that province, all prove beyond doubt the truth of the news which we at first believed exaggerated. New veins of gold are being discovered each day of the most unheard-of richness. A letter received recently from one of the first men in San Juan assures us that the recent gold discoveries will make San Juan the greatest country in all South America. In the provinces not a peon or labourer is to be found for love or money, all have gone to the gold mines." As the *Nacion Argentina* is believed to represent the views of the Government, the above statement may be regarded as an official declaration. Private letters received from the spot speak very highly of the mines, and one says:—"The gold mines are wonderfully prolific, and all that is said of them falls short of the reality. You had better come at once."

JANUARY 10TH.—TUESDAY.

*Discovery of an Arch of the Temple of Jerusalem.*—Sir Henry James reports that Captain Wilson and the party of English engineers who are now making a survey of Jerusalem, have discovered an arch of the Temple causeway mentioned by Josephus. This arch is said to be about fifty feet in span; to correspond, in style of masonry, to the Haram wall in its best parts; and to be in a very good state of preservation. We infer that the work is Herodian. Now, this discovery is of very high value; not only as indicating the exact position of the Tyropeon bridge, but as proving by an example that the foundations of Zion were not destroyed after the great siege. This fact made pretty certain by the new recovery, a vast field is thrown open to the explorer. If one of the arches of that mighty roadway could be covered with dust and waste, so as to lie hidden in the soil for eighteen hundred years, why not all the lower chambers of the palaces and houses which adjoined the royal bridge? The first wall ran along that slope of Zion. Near the newly-recovered arch stood the palace of Agrippa; not far from it were the mansions of Ananias, Annas, and Caiaphas. A little controversy with the spade in that quarter will be better than a thousand debates in books and lectures. Old Jerusalem lies buried in the wreck; and those who want it must dig it up. Meantime, Mr. Grove suggests that the Assyrian Excavation Fund—of which there is a balance in Mr. Murray's hands—should be devoted to the prosecution of labour in this new field. With a good plan and a catholic purpose, it would not be difficult to raise a sufficient sum to carry out such works.

JANUARY 11TH.—WEDNESDAY.

*Professor Goelsing*, a German chemist in Cincinnati, has discovered a process of making the finest sugar from Indian corn. The rate is three and a-half gallons of beautiful white syrup to a bushel of corn. The process is so simple that it can be carried on with the ordinary utensils in a farmer's kitchen. The discovery is likely to add immensely to the wealth of the north-west. A New York company, it is said, have purchased the right for \$100,000, and purpose going into the business immediately.



## JANUARY 12TH.—THURSDAY.

*Droll Dresses.*—It is a notable fact that some of the most extravagant attire that has ever adorned a pantomimic dandy may be traced to quiet respectable Manchester firms doing a large export business. When we behold, not only in pantomimes and extravaganzas, but in farcical comedy, which purports to represent the humorous side of real life, clothes made of a checked fabric, the "loudness" of which, side by side with the costume of a pugilistic publican on the Derby-day, might be as the noise of a gong compared with that of a child's tambourine, we naturally wonder how it can be worth while to set up a loom for the weaving of such caricatured varieties of dress. But the truth is that these absurd garbs are manufactured in large quantities for the African markets; and that the same droll kind of clothing which conduces so much to the hilarity of a civilized people is all the while playing a grotesquely serious part in the conversion of the heathen on the shores of Guinea. So that, while we are laughing loudly at the spectacle of a Clown making his toilet by dragging a most outrageous pair of trousers over his white leggings and antic trunk hose, it may be that Qashee or Sambo, with shins hidden by the same species of continuations, is the object of admiring awe among his black brothers and sisters, on the lovely banks of the Old Calabar or Gaboon.

## JANUARY 13TH.—FRIDAY.

*The Proposed Tunnel Underneath the River Severn.*—On Friday, a meeting was held in the Athenæum, Bristol—presided over by the Mayor of the city—for the purpose of considering the question of constructing a tunnel under the bed of the river Severn, so as to improve the communication between the mining districts of South Wales and Bristol. The importance and practicability of the undertaking having been commented upon by the chairman, Mr. Willis, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Cossham, and others, resolutions were adopted approving of the scheme, and recommending the raising of subscriptions to meet the expenses to be incurred in promoting it. A draft of the prospectus was read, in which it was proposed to raise a capital of £700,000, in 35,000 shares of £20 each.

*OBITUARY.*—By the arrival of the West African mail we learn that Dr. Blackie, the celebrated African explorer and traveller, who had for the last six years been up the river Niger and in the interior of the country living among the natives, died at Sierra Leone on the 30th November last. The Doctor arrived at Lagos on the 21st October in H.M. ship Investigator, from the confluence of the Niger, and it was his intention to have returned to England by the Armenian this voyage.

## JANUARY 14TH.—SATURDAY.

*The Treasures of the Sea.*—The *Opinion Nationale* has a *feuilleton* from the witty pen of Edmund About on the subject of *la culture des eaux* (the cultivation of the seas). M. E. About's idea is that nothing could contribute so much to the comfort of the poorer classes as the proper working of the rich mine of food which the ocean contains. Amongst the striking accounts which M. About brings forward to prove the superiority of fish *versus* flesh, in point of economy and nutritive qualities, he makes the following calculation as to what a tureen of soup, or, as the French term it, a *pot-au-feu*, has cost. The animal from which the meat has been taken, admitting that he weighed 400 kilos., must have consumed 60,000 kilos. of grass during his life. When killed he yields 300 kilos. of meat, the hundredth part of which is required to make the above mentioned *pot-au-feu*. Substitute this piece of beef by a young salmon of 3 kilos., or two years and a-half old—he was born in a stream, he spent eighteen months in a river, he swam to the sea, and in twelve months made his 3 kilos., or 7 lb. weight of good food. To convey an idea of the marvellous fecundity with which the inhabitants of the ocean are gifted, M. E. About states that one herring lays 35,000 eggs; a mackerel, 845,000; a sturgeon, 7,500,000; a turbot, 9,000,000;

a cod, 9,344,000. Then, adds M. About, suppose the 845,000 mackerel eggs all become fish, and that the 422,000 spawners produce an equal number, you will have 360 billion of fish—that is sufficient to support all His Holiness's faithful children in the French Empire during the whole of Lent; but, setting Lent aside, M. About triumphantly points to the hardy and healthy populations of the coast, whose numerous families are a strong contrast to the pale and sickly populations of the Faubourgs.

JANUARY 15TH.—SUNDAY.

JANUARY 16TH.—MONDAY.

*Imperial Library at Paris.*—The *Temps* states that arrangements are in progress at the Imperial Library at Paris, for placing at the disposal of the public on Saturdays a room, containing a selection of 40,000 volumes, for the special benefit of those persons who cannot attend on week days.

**OBITUARY.**—A woman named M'Gin died at Glenluce, Wigtonshire, this day, at the age of 105 years. She retained possession of all her faculties to the last.

JANUARY 17TH.—TUESDAY.

*The Postman's Bag.*—Among the patterns and samples sent from the country to London by the post in one month of the year 1864—the first complete year of the inland pattern-post system—were 136 packages of tea, 178 of sugar, 907 of alpaca and stuffs, 525 of cloth, 320 of silks, 189 of corn, and smaller numbers of samples of buttons, pipeclay, oilcake, ladies' dresses, hair, drugs, glue, stays, belts, caps, boots and shoes, beans, candles, shawls, flour, china, bricks, slippers, pincers, a cribbage-board, potatoes, feathers, lozenges, hay, tallow, gasfittings, eardrops, and a host of other curious and useful articles, too many to be told. London, on its part, sent at least as many samples of its wares and merchandise to tempt country folk.

*An Experiment with Iron-Plating on Ships.*—The French iron-clad frigate *Invincible* has just been taken into the dry-dock at Castignean, which has afforded an opportunity of judging of the efficacy of the system applied to that vessel for preserving her iron plates. A band of zinc, which by isolating the electric currents guarantees the plates from that green coating which causes injury, has transformed the nature of that vegetation, and instead of a casing of marine herbs, there was found attached to the frigate's bottom a fine collection of corals.

**OBITUARY.**—The Right Hon. the Earl of Ilchester expired this day at his seat, Melbury House, near Evershot, Dorsetshire. The late Earl, who was sixty-nine years of age, succeeded to the title and estates in 1858, on the decease of his half-brother. He married, in 1857 the daughter of Sir Robert Sheffield, Bart., and that lady survives him. The deceased Earl leaves no issue, consequently the title and estates fall to his nephew, Mr. Henry Edward Fox Strangways, who is seventeen years of age, and son of the late Hon. George Fox Strangways, by a daughter of Mr. Edward Marjoribanks. The late Earl was attached to the Embassy at St. Petersburg in 1816, at Constantinople in 1820, and at Naples in 1822. Two years later he was appointed paid *attaché* at the Hague, in 1825 was Secretary of Legation at Florence, and was at Naples in the same capacity in 1828. He was also Secretary of Embassy at Vienna in 1832, and was appointed Under-Secretary of State in the Foreign Office in August 1835. From August 1840, to January 1849, the late Earl acted as Envoy-Extraordinary, and Minister-Plenipotentiary at the Frankfort Diet, when he retired on a pension. His Lordship was a great horticulturist.

JANUARY 18TH.—WEDNESDAY.

**Work for 1865.**—The *Charivari* publishes a woodcut representing Old Father Time giving directions to the year 1865, represented as a little child having its eyes filled with tears and in great apparent distress. "There is no use of weeping," says he with the hour-glass and scythe. "You have your work to do. You see all that!" pointing to various disjointed articles lying around in confusion, and bearing the names Venetia, Holstein, Poland, Italy, the United States, Hungary, Santo Domingo, etc. "You see all that? Well, then, you must at once commence by setting the whole in order, for I cannot allow that every one should constantly cry after me for doing nothing."

**OBITUARY.**—The death of the oldest dignitary in the Church of England, Archdeacon Timbrill, is announced. The venerable gentleman was ninety-eight years of age, and was appointed to the Archdeaconry of Gloucester forty years ago.

The death of Mr. Charles Greville will be learnt with regret. He was found dead in his bed at Earl Granville's house, in Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, this morning. For a long time past he had resided with Lord Granville. It appears that on his servant going to his chamber at half-past eight o'clock to call him as customary, he did not reply, and on closer investigation it was found he was dead. The medical gentleman called in thought he had been dead at least two hours. He had been subject to repeated attacks of gout, and during the last fortnight (shortly after the decease of his brother Algernon, private secretary to the late Duke of Wellington) had exhibited signs of declining health. The late Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville was the eldest of the three sons of the late Charles, son of the Hon. Algernon Greville, second son of the fifth Lord Brooke, and Lady Charlotte Cavendish Bentinck, eldest daughter of William Henry Cavendish, third Duke of Portland. He was born 2d April 1764, and married 27th January 1849 to Emily, widow of Mr. Edward Baring. The deceased gentleman had for many years filled the post of chief and joint-clerk of the Privy Council, and was also for a time Secretary to the Board of Trade and Plantations. His office, with that of the Hon. William Bathurst, at the Privy Council, was abolished in 1861, when both gentlemen were placed on a pension. The late Mr. Greville was held in high respect on the turf, of which he was a zealous patron. He was an extensive breeder of racing stock.

JANUARY 19TH.—THURSDAY.

**OBITUARY.**—Lady Brougham died at Brighton this morning shortly after two o'clock.

Her ladyship had been staying at that watering-place since August, and up to Monday last was in her usual health, so much so that she intended to leave Brighton on Monday next for Grafton Street. However, her ladyship was attacked with bronchitis, and died at the hour above-named. Lady Brougham was the eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Eden (uncle of the late Earl of Auckland and Lord Henley). The lamented lady was twice married, first to Mr. John Spalding, of Holms, New Galloway, Kirkcudbrightshire; and secondly, on April 1, 1819, to Lord Brougham, then Mr. Henry Brougham. Her ladyship, who was in her 77th year, had issue by Lord Brougham two daughters: one born in 1820, and who died in 1821; and the Hon. Eleanor Louisa Brougham, who died in the bloom of youth in 1839. The intelligence of her ladyship's death was immediately transmitted to the noble and learned Lord, who is staying at his residence at Cannes.

JANUARY 20TH.—FRIDAY.

*The Parrott Guns.*—The *Army and Navy Gazette* says :—"The most decisive condemnation of the American ordnance, which, after many demonstrations of its inferiority, has been sustained in professional estimation by the authority of some eminent military and naval officers, has been pronounced by Admiral Porter, and by the course of events at Wilmington. As the Dahlgren system was evidently defective in obtaining low trajectories and long ranges, the Americans sought to improvise a system of rifled guns out of cast iron ordnance, strengthened by reinforces over the breech, called after the inventor 'Parrott' guns. For field artillery these pieces had a certain success, and by degrees Parrott guns were introduced into the navy, and were used as bow and stern chasers, while Dahlgrens were employed as broadside guns. The Parrotts on board American men-of-war are generally 100-pounders, and fire sixteen pound of powder. Admiral Porter reports that six of them burst, and that they are unfit for service; but the strongest proof of their want of power, and of the general deficiency of the Federal artillery, is afforded by the fact that with such an enormous armament as that which the ships of his fleet contained, the Admiral was unable to destroy the earthworks opposed to him. It may be that he only engaged in the work at a very long range, and so could not hit his mark with his Parrotts, and was too far for the Dahlgrens; and it would seem as if the case was so, because no damage is reported to a very large flotilla.

*OBITUARY.*—Frances Anne, Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, expired at her residence, Seaham Hall, near Seaham Harbour, at eleven o'clock this evening. For the last few months her Ladyship had been suffering under a complication of liver and heart disease. The most eminent surgical skill was called in, and she appeared to rally up to within a week or ten days ago, when she was able to devote a little time to business; but a relapse set in, and since the middle of the present week her death has been almost hourly expected. Earl Vane, her eldest son, will succeed to the principal portion of the family estates.

JANUARY 21ST.—SATURDAY.

*The Armoury at Springfield,* Massachusetts, is said to be the largest and most productive establishment for the manufacture of small arms in the world. There are 2600 workmen employed, and they complete about 1000 muskets daily.

JANUARY 22D.—SUNDAY.

JANUARY 23D.—MONDAY.

*Vegetable Flannel.*—Among the numerous manufactures derived in Germany from the Scotch fir, one of the most remarkable is asserted to be a kind of stuff called vegetable flannel, and recommended by physicians in cases of rheumatism and neuralgia. This stuff which is used to effect a permanent contact between the body, or a part of it, and the most active elements of the leaves, produces similar effects to those obtained from the baths made with the same. Vegetable flannel is said to revive the functions of the skin, so often disturbed by various causes, and constantly maintains those functions in their normal state, due to the double action exercised simultaneously on our body; by its formic acid it attracts the humours to the skin by a mild and continuous excitement; by its tanning and resinous principles, it imparts to the skin for absorption the elements necessary for the neutralisation of certain emanations. Thus, vegetable flannel prevents or cures the effects occasioned by those elements, which, in a state of disease, are expelled in too large a proportion, especially phosphorus, the evacuation of which it regulates by slow degrees. The German journals contain details concerning the manufacture of this textile fabric, the operations requisite for converting the leaves of the Scotch fir into *waltheelle* (forest wool),

spinning and weaving the raw material, etc., in the large establishment of M. Leopold Lairitz, the inventor of the process, which now gives employment to hundreds of workmen. Common flannel made of wool does good service by keeping the warmth of the body in, or excluding that of the ambient air, as well as by the irritation it causes on the skin, whereby that organ is excited to greater activity in the exercise of its functions. But wool from the concentration of caloric it produces, is apt to cause cerebral congestion in plethoric subjects, and some persons cannot bear its irritating friction on the skin. Vegetable flannel is said to be free from those defects; it protects from damp and cold quite as well as wool, and the irritation it causes on the skin is easily borne by the most sensitive and delicate individuals.

## JANUARY 24TH.—TUESDAY.

*Longitude by the Meridian Altitude.*—The science of nautical astronomy has just received an acceptable addition, in the shape of a set of tables for ascertaining longitude at sea by the meridian altitude, without the aid of a chronometer. Hitherto, this has never before been accomplished, but the author of the system (Mr. Lucas, of Swansea) has placed the matter in such a simple light, by means of plain figures, that a child, comparatively speaking, might go his way over the pathless waters without the aid of what has hitherto been considered the indispensable companion of the master mariner—a chronometer. The book will, no doubt, be much sought after, forming, as it does, another ray of light in the as yet comparatively dark science of navigation.

## JANUARY 25TH.—WEDNESDAY.

OBITUARY.—A telegram from Paris announces the death of M. Pierre Joseph Proudhon. He was born at Besançon in 1809, of poor parents. At first a compositor, then a master printer, and engaged on the press, he became ultimately a professed author of socialist works, which have made him notorious. He was the promulgator of the dictum "Le Propriété c'est le Vol." His works, though at one time much read, have happily not left any lasting results. The theories he promulgated were the dregs of the revolution of 1793, and more negative than creative in their ultimate effect. His style was, however, powerful, if not cultured. In 1849, he was sentenced, on account of his expressed opinions against the Emperor Napoleon, then President, to imprisonment and a considerable fine. He went into exile, but returning to Paris shortly afterwards, suffered imprisonment till 1852; after which he was silent and unmarked till his death.

## JANUARY 26TH.—THURSDAY.

*The Thackeray and Leech Memorials.*—Upwards of £300 have been subscribed for the purpose of placing two tablets in some appropriate spot within the Charterhouse, the one to the memory of W. M. Thackeray, and the other to that of John Leech, and for establishing two annual prizes in the school, the first for English literature, to be called the Thackeray prize, and the second for drawing, to be called the Leech prize.

OBITUARY.—We regret to announce the death of Lady Willoughby D'Eresby, who expired at an early hour this morning, at the family residence in Piccadilly, after a very short illness. The deceased Clementina Sarah Willoughby D'Eresby was the only surviving child and heir of James, first Lord Perth. She was born on the 5th May 1786; and married, on the 20th October 1807, Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, then the Hon. Peter Robert Willoughby, by whom, who survives her Ladyship, she leaves an only son, the Hon. Alberic Drummond Willoughby, and two daughters, the eldest, Clementina, married to Lord Aveland, and Elizabeth, married to Lord Carrington.

JANUARY 27TH.—FRIDAY.

*Enamelled Dandies.*—The names of the Rachels, mother and daughter, are still great in the land. We have heard, even, that they have many gentlemen among their customers; young Indian warriors and dandies returned from sporting tours, the backs of whose necks have been browned by exposure to the sun, and who rush to the enameller, before going out to dinner or to a ball, to have their cervical vertebrae coloured and varnished.

JANUARY 28TH.—SATURDAY.

*Cleansing Streets with a Pneumatic Machine.*—An ingenious thought has struck M. Agudio, of Paris, who proposes to cleanse the streets with a pneumatic machine. He has invented a mud-cart, consisting of a close iron box, from which the air is pumped by a small engine on the top. Some machinery behind, as the cart moves on, sweeps or rakes the mud together, which is, of course, sucked up by a tube dipping into it, and brought from the upper part of the cart-box.

*A Substitute for Coffee.*—A Turin letter says:—A new beverage is offered by the Propugnators to people for whom the raised duty on coffee is a burden indeed. It is to be prepared in the following manner:—Take one or two pounds of dry chestnuts, boil them in water so as to produce a sort of soup not very thick nor yet very liquid, pour a spoonful from that in your cup, fill this up with hot milk, and enjoy it as “a most economical and nutritious substitute for the overtaxed articles in Signor Sella’s budget.

JANUARY 29TH.—SUNDAY.

JANUARY 30TH.—MONDAY.

*Discovery of Antiquities in Russia.*—An interesting discovery has just been made in a tumulus in Ekaterinoslaw, in Russia. It consists of a treasure which formerly belonged to a chief of the Huns. Among the different articles is a heavy gold diadem, in which is set a cameo of amethyst of ancient Roman workmanship; also a large collar, bracelets, and drinking-cups, with handles formed by animals—the whole of which are in gold of remarkable workmanship.

JANUARY 31ST.—TUESDAY.

*The Mathematical Honour Tripos at Cambridge.*—The present year will henceforth be known in the University as “Strutt’s” year, as the gentleman whose talents have gained for him the distinguished honour of being Senior Wrangler is the Hon. J. H. Strutt of Trinity College. Mr. Strutt is the eldest son of John James Strutt, Baron Rayleigh, of Terling Place, Witham, Essex. It is said that the weight of paper written upon at the Mathematical Tripos Examination at Cambridge, in the eight days, is about eight stone—say the weight of an average woman. There is something almost sad in the thought of the scribbled outcome of two or three hundred racked and anxious brains being preserved only for bed-makers to light examiners’ fires with, or, at best, to be used on the clean side for pupil-room scribbling-paper.

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## SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM.

A temporary SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM, to contain old editions of the Poet’s Works, or any tracts or relics illustrative of them, has been formed at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. HALLIWELL is actively engaged in collecting for this object, and he will be glad either to receive as presents for the Museum, or to purchase, any articles suitable to be preserved there. Persons owning any Shakespeariana, would much oblige by communicating with “J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., No. 6 St. Mary’s Place, West Brompton, London, S.W.”



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